Drunken BARNABY's

Four Journeys

TO THE

NORTH of ENGLAND.

In Latin and English Verse.

Wittily and Merrily (tho' near One Hundred Years ago) compos'd; found among some old musty Books, that had a long time lain by in a Corner; and now at last made publick.

To which is added,

BESSY BELL.

Hic est quem quæris, ille quem requiris,
Toto notus in Orbe Britannus. Hor.
Barnabas *Ebrius.*

LONDON

Printed for *S. Illidge*, under *Searle's* Gate *Lincolns-Inn New-square*: and Sold by *S. Ballard* in *Little-Britain*, *J. Graves* in St. *James's-street*, and *J. Walthoe* over-against the *Royal Exchange*. 1716.

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THE PREFACE TO THE READER.

IT will not, I hope, be thought Unneceſſary, if I lay before the Reader my Reaſon for republiſhing this facetious little Book, after a deliteſcency of near a Hundred Years. Being deſir'd by a Gentlewoman to look over a parcel of Old Books, amongſt 'em I chanc'd upon Drunken Barnaby, *which reading gave me Satisfaction for my Trouble; whereupon I took a Reſolution to publiſh it, that others might therewith be pleas'd as well as my ſelf. What I can gather of the Author is chiefly from himſelf; for he ſays, Coming to a Place call'd* Harrington, *he was well pleas'd with the Omen,*

and ſpent ſome Money there for Name *ſake, ſo that I conclude his Name was* Barnaby Harrington. *He further ſays, that after a tedious Journey of about Six Miles a Day, and ſometimes Three or Four, (very weary, and heavy laden) he at laſt arriv'd at* Apulby *in* Weſtmorland, *where he was born, and where, if I miſtake not, there are ſome Remains of the Family ſtill living. That he was a Graduate in* Queen's College Oxon *is plain, but I have not had an Opportunity of knowing what Degrees he took. 'Tis the Man, no doubt, of whom the Song ſays,*

Hey *Barnaby!* take't for a Warning, *&c.*

He ſays, he afterwards (after four Journeys backward and forward) married in the Country, turn'd Farmer, and frequented the Horſe-Fairs all round the Country, buying Horſes when cheap, and (like a true Jockey) ſelling 'em when dear, upon which he is very pleaſant. I thought fit to ſay thus much, and more I have not, only wiſh the Reader pleas'd, as I was.

Edi-

Editor Lectori.

QUUM primum reperi libellum hunc lepidiſſimum legendo gaudebam, quod & tu facies cum legeris nullus dubito. Editum inveni abſq; æra, abſq; nomine vel Authoris, vel Bibliopolæ, vel Typographi, aut ullo alio indicio poſſeſſorem ullum indicante, ergo ſtatui mei juris eſſe, inq; lucem emiſi. De Authore quod certum eſt ſubjiciam: Ab amico meo doctiſſimo nunc præſule intellexi Authorem *Barnabam Harrington* fuiſſe ante multos annos (forte nonaginta aut centum) vel Socium, vel Artium Magiſtrum, aut ſaltem Membrum Collegii Reginenſis apud *Oxonienſes*, quod innuit etiam Author ſæpius. Natus erat, ut ait ipſe, Aballabæ Weſtmarorum inter Septentriones ex antiqua ſtirpe, prole ibi adhuc manente. Hic eſt famoſiſſimus ille de quo decantatum illud & tritum apud vulgus cantillatur,

Hey Barnaby! *take't for a Warning,*
Be no more drunk nor dry in a Morning.

De Libro nulla eſt neceſſitas addendi quidquam, facile perleges, & perlecto judicabis. De Verſu, de Metro, de Erroribus neq; eſt quod addam, ipſe enim Autor ſatis ludicre in Errata libro præfixa ſeipſum vindicavit, quum ait,

Quid ſi ſedem muto ſede?
Quid ſi Carmen claudo pede?
Quid ſi noctem ſenſi diem?
Quid ſi veprem eſſe viam?
Sat eſt, Verbum declinavi
Titubo, titubas, titubavi.

Vale & ride affatim, Lector.

In Errata.

Lector, *ne mireris illa,*
Villam ſi mutavi villa,
Si regreſſum feci metro,
Retro ante, ante retro
Inſerendo, " *ut præpono*
Godmancheſter Harringtono.
Quid ſi breves *fiant* longi?
Si vocales *ſint* diphthongi?
Quid ſi graves *ſint* acuti?
Si accentus *fiant* muti?
Quid ſi placide, plene, plane,
Fregi frontem Priſciani?
Quid ſi ſedem muto ſede?
Quid ſi Carmen claudo pede?
Quid ſi noctem ſenſi diem?
Quid ſi veprem eſſe viam?
Sat eſt, Verbum *declinavi*
" Titubo-titubas-titubavi.

Upon

Upon the ERRATA's.

Reader, think no Wonder by it,
If with Town I've Town ſupplied;
If my Metres backward Nature,
Set before what ſhould be later:
" As for inſtance is expreſt there,
Harrington after *Godmancheſter*.
What tho' *Breves* too be made *Longo's*?
What tho' *Vowels* be *Diphthongo's*?
What tho' *Graves* become *Acute* too?
What tho' *Accents* become *mute* too?
What tho' freely, fully, plainly
I've broke *Priſcian*'s Forehead mainly?
What tho' Seat with Seat I've ſtrained?
What tho' my limp Verſe be maimed?
What tho' Night I've ta'en for Day too?
What tho' I've made Briers my Way too?
Know ye, I've declin'd moſt bravely,
" *Titubo-titubas-titubavi*.

Ad

Ad Viatorem.

OPpida dum peragras, peragrando Poemata ſpectes,
Spectando titubes, Barnabe, *nomen habes.*

Index Operis.

MUlciber, Uva, Venus, *redolens* ampulla, Silenus,
Effigiem titulis explicuere ſuis.

Sic me Parnaſſi *Deſerta per ardua dulcis*
Raptat amor ——

To the Traveller.

TOwns while thou walk'ſt
And ſee'ſt this Poetry,
And ſeeing, ſtumbleſt,
Thou art BARNABY.

The INDEX *of this Work.*

VULCAN, *Grape*, *Venus*, *Bottle*, *Silen*'s Hook,
Have *all* explain'd the Title of this Book.

Thus thro' vaſt Deſarts,
Promontories wild,
Parnaſſus Love draws
Bacchus only Child.

Barnabæ Harringtoni

Et nunc & dudum decantati

ITINERARIUM

Boream quater retroverſus.

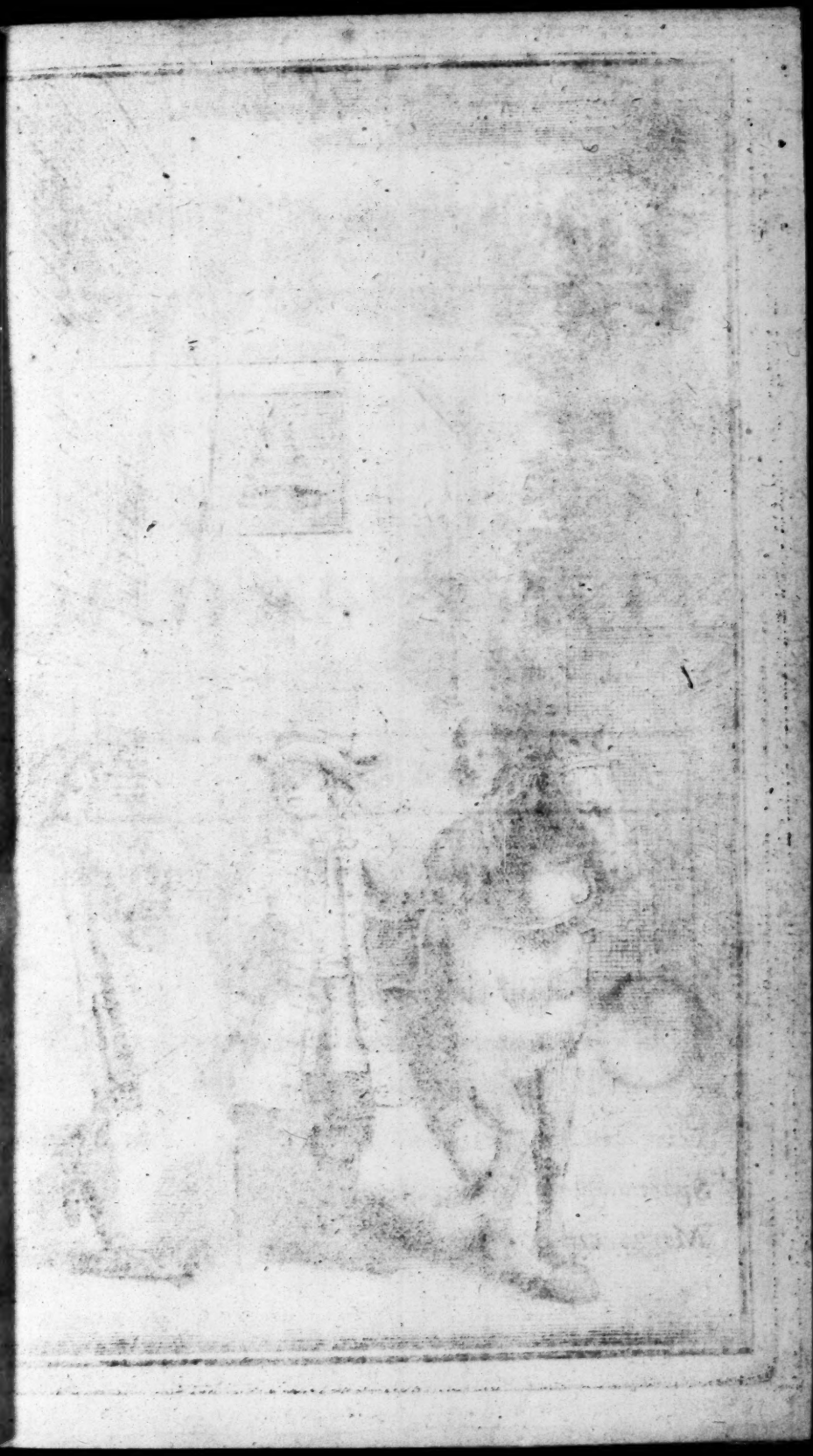
Pars Prima.

Mirtillus & *Fauſtulus* Interlocutores.

Mirtil.

O Fauſtule, *tende palmam,*
Accipe calicem vitibus almam;
Tune vinctus es dolore?
Uvæ tinctus ſis colore.
Sperne opes, ſperne dapes,
Merge curas, recte ſapis.

O Fau-



The Famous

Barnaby Harrington's

TRAVELS to the North,

four times backward and forward.

Part the First.

Mirtillus and *Fauſtulus*, a Dialogue.

Mirtil.

O Little *Fauſtus*, ſtretch thy Hand out,
Take thy Liquor, do not ſtand out;
Art thou preſt with griping Dolour?
Let rich Wine advance thy Colour.
Bread's a Binder, Wealth's a Miſer,
Drink down Care, and thou'lt be wiſer.

O Fauſtule, *dic amico*
Quo in loco, quo in vico,
Sive campo, ſive tecto,
Sine linteo, ſine lecto,
Propinaſti, queis tabernis,
An in Terris, an Avernis?

Fauſtul. O Mirtille! *baculum fixi*
Mille locis ubi vixi,
In piſtrinis, in popinis,
In Coquinis, in Culinis,
Huc, & illuc, iſtic, ibi,
Hauſi potus, plus quam cibi.

In progreſſu Boreali,
Ut proceſſi ab Auſtrali,
Veni Banbury, O *profanum!*
Ubi vidi Puritanum,
Felem facientem furem,
Quia Sabbatho ſtravit Murem.

Veni

Little *Fauſtus*, tell thy true Heart,
In what Region, Coaſt, or new Part;
Field or Fold thou haſt been bouſing,
Without Linen, Bedding, Houſing;
In what Tavern, pray thee ſhow us,
Here on Earth, or elſe below us?

Fauſt. O *Mirtillus!* I will ſhew thee
Thouſand Places ſince I ſaw thee,
In the Bakehouſe I had ſwitching,
In the Tap-houſe, Cook-ſhop, Kitchin;
This Way, that Way, each Way ſhrank I,
Little eat I, deeply drank I.

In my Progreſs travelling Northward,
Taking farewell of the Southward,
To *Banbury* came I, O prophane-One!
Where I ſaw a Puritane-One,
Hanging of his Cat on Monday,
For killing of a Mouſe on Sunday.

Veni Oxon, *cui comes*
Eſt Minerva, *fons* Platonis;
Unde ſcatent peramœne
Aganippe, Hippocrene;
Totum ſit Athenienſe,
Imo Cornu Reginenſe.

Inde Godſtow, *cum Amicâ,*
Vidi Tumbam Meretricis;
Roſamundam *tegit humus,*
Pulvis & umbra corpore ſumus:
Sic qui teget, quæ tegetur,
Ordine certo ſepelietur.

Inde Woodſtock, *quo ſpectandum*
Labyrinthum memorandum
Ferunt; ſed ſpectare nollem,
Reperi vivam Hoſpitem mollem;
Gratior ſociis eſt jocundis,
Mille mortuis Roſamundis.

Veni Brackley, *ubi natus*
Stirpe vili Magiſtratus,

To *Oxford* came I, whoſe Companion
Is *Minerva*, Well *Platonian*;
From whoſe Seat do ſtream moſt ſeemly,
Aganippe, *Hippocrene*;
Each thing there's the *Muſe's Minion*,
The Horn at Queens ſpeaks pure *Athenian*.

Thence to *Godſtow*, with my Lovers,
Where a Tomb a Strumpet covers;
Roſamund lies there interr'd,
Fleſh to Duſt and Shades compar'd;
Lie he above, or lie ſhe under,
To be bury'd is no wonder.

Thence to *Woodſtock* I reſorted,
Where a Labyrinth's reported;
No more of that, it is above me,
I found a tender Houſewife that did love me;
And her Gueſts more ſweetly eyeing,
Than thouſand *Roſamonds* a dying.

From thence to *Brackley*, as did beſeem one,
The May'r I ſaw, a wond'rous mean one,

Quem conſpexi reſidentem,
Stramine tectum contegentem,
Et me vocans, "Male agis,
"Bibe minus, ede magis.

Veni Daintree *cum puella,*
Procerum *celebre* duello.
Ibi bibi in Caupona,
Nota muliere bona,
Cum qua vixi ſemper idem,
Donec creta *fregit fidem.*

Veni Leiceſter *ad* Campanam,
Ubi mentem læſi ſanam;
Prima nocte mille modis
Flagellarunt me Cuſtodes,
Pelle ſparſi ſunt livores
Meos caſtigare mores.

Veni Gotham, *ubi multos*
Si non omnes vidi ſtultos,
Nam ſcrutando reperi unam
Salientem contra Lunam,

Sitting, Thatching, and beſtowing
On a Wind-blown Houſe a Strawing;
On me, call'd he, and did charm me,
Drink leſs, eat more, I do warn thee.

Thence to *Daintree* with my *Jewel*,
Famous for a *Noble Duel*,
Where I drank, and took my Common
In a Tap-houſe with my Woman:
While I had it, there I paid it,
Till long *chalking* broke my Credit.

Thence I came to th' *Bell* at *Leiceſter*,
Where ſtrong Ale my Brains did peſter;
Firſt Night beſure I was admitted,
By the Watchmen I was whipped,
Black and Blue like any Tetter,
Beat I was to make me better.

Thence to *Gotham*, where, ſure am I,
Though not all Fools, I ſaw many;
Here a She-gull found I prancing,
And in Moon-ſhine nimbly dancing:

There

Alteram nitidam puellam
Offerentem Porco ſellam.

Veni * Nottingham, *tyrones*
Sherwoodenſes *ſunt Latrones,*
Inſtar Robin Hood *&* *Servi*
Scarlet *&* Joannis Parvi ;
Paſſim, ſparſim peculantur,
Cellis, Sylvis deprædantur.

Veni

---

* Mortimeriados morti dos, Gloria Pulvis,
Atria ſunt frondes, Nobilis Aula ſeges.
Nunc gradus Anfractus, Ciſterna fluenta ſpadonis,
Amplexus Vermes, oſcula miſta rogis.

Clamat Tempus edo, vocemque repercutit Echo,
Sed Nunquam redeo, voce Reſurgit ego.

O vos Heroes ! attendite fata Sepulchris,
Heroum, patriis qui Rediere thoris !
Non eſtis luti Melioris in orbe Superbis,
Hi Didicere mori, diſcite morte ſequi.

There another wanton mad one,
Who her Hog was ſet aſtride on.

Thence to * *Nottingham*, where Rovers,
Highway Riders, *Sherwood* Drovers,
Like old *Robin-hood*, and *Scarlet*,
Or like Little *John* his Varlet;
Here and there they ſhew them Doughty,
In Cells and Woods to get their Booty.

Thence

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* Brave *Mortimer's* now dead, his Glory Duſt,
His Courts are clad with Graſs, his Hall with Ruſt:
His Stairs ſteep Steps, his Horſe-troughs Ciſterns are,
Worms his Embraces, Kiſſes Aſhes ſhare.

Time cries, I eat, and Echo anſwers it:
But gone, e'er to return, is held unfit.

O Heroes! of theſe Heroes take a View,
They're to their Fathers gone, and ſo muſt you!
Of better Clay you are not than theſe Men,
And they are dead, and you muſt follow them.

Veni Mansfield, *ubi noram*
Mulierculam decoram,
Cum qua nudum feci pactum,
Dedi ictum, egi actum,
Sed pregnantem timens illam,
Sprevi villam & ancillam.

Veni * Overbowles, *ubi* † Dani
Habitarunt tempore Jani;
Patet oppidanus callis
Circumcirca clausus vallis,
Castris, claustris, & speluncis
Tectus cœcis, textus juncis.
Sacra die eò veni,
Ædes Sanctæ erant plenæ,
Quorum percitus exemplo,
Quia Hospes erat Templo,
Intrans vidi Sacerdotem,
Igne fatuo *poculis notum.*

Glires

* Temporibus Jani Sedes fuit ultima † Dani,
Conspicuis vallis obsita, fixa palis.

Thence to *Mansfield*, where I knew one,
That was a comely and a true one,
With her a nak'd Compact made I,
Her long lov'd I, with her laid I;
Town and her I left both, doubtful
Left my Love had made her fruitful.

* Thence to *Overbowles*, where † *Danus*
Dwelt with's *Danes* in time of *Janus*;
Way to th' Town is well disposed,
All about with Trenches clos'd;
Pallisado's hid with Bushes,
Rampires over-grown with Rushes.
On a Feast-day I came thither,
When Good People flockt together,
Where induc'd by Host's example,
I repair'd unto the Temple,
Where I heard the Preacher gravely,
With his red Nose tipt most bravely.

Dor-

---

* In *Janus* time was † *Danus* seated here,
As by their Pales and Trenches may appear.

Glires erant incolæ villæ,
Iſte clamat, dormiunt illi;
Ipſe tamen vixit ita,
Si non corde, veſte trita;
Fortem præ ſe ferens geſtum,
*Fregit pedibus * Suggeſtum.*
Qua Occaſione nacta
Tota grex † expergefacta,
Sacerdote derelicto,
Tabulis fractis graviter icto,
Pranſum redeunt, unus horum,
Plebem ſequor non Paſtorem.

Veni Clowne, *ubi vellem*
Pro liquore dare pellem,
Ibi cerebro inani
Vidi conjugem Vulcani,
Quæ me Hoſpitem tractat bene
Donec reſtat nil crumenæ.

Veni

---

* Fragmina ſuggeſti ſacrarunt fercula feſti. *Lucret.*

† O cives, cives, Sacris attendite rivis,
Præceptor legerit, vos vero negligitis.

Dormice-like the People ſeem'd,
Though he cry'd, they ſleeping dream'd;
For his Life, tho' there was harm in't,
Heart was leſs rent than his Garment:
With his Feet he did ſo thunder,
That the * Pulpit fell aſunder.
Which occaſion having gotten
All † awake, the Pulpit broken:
While the Preacher lay ſore wounded,
With more Boards than Beards ſurrounded;
All to Dinner, who might faſter,
And among them I left Paſtor.

Thence to *Clowne* I came the quicker,
Where I'd given my Skin for Liquor;
None was there to entertain us,
But a Nogging of *Vulcanus*;
Who afford't me Welcome-plenty,
Till my Seam-rent Purſe grew empty.

Thence

---

* The Fragments of which Pulpit they were pleas'd
To ſacrifice to th' Aſhes of their Feaſt. *Lucret.*

† Pray you, good Townſmen, ſacred Springs affect,
Let not your Preacher *read*, and you *neglect*.

Veni Rothram *uſque* Taurum,
Et reliqui ibi aurum,
Diu ſteti, ſed in pontem
Titubando fregi frontem,
Quo pudore pulſus, docte
Clam putabam ire nocte.

Veni Doncaſter, *ubi ſitam*
Vidi levem & Levitam,
Quæ vieta & vetuſta,
Parum pulchra aut venuſta,
Cupit tamen penetrari,
Pingi, pungi, oſculari.

Veni * Aberford, *ubi notum*
Quod aciculis emunt potum,

Pau-

---

* Eo tempore, quo in hoc pauperiore Vico hoſpitium ſuſcepimus, quidam Acicularius, e grege præ cæteris, famâ egregius, aciculari pulvere ſuffocatus interiit: In cujus memoriam hoc inſcriptum comperimus Epitaphium.

——O Mors crudelis
Quæ tuis telis
Artificem ſtraviſti
Qui meliorem
Eraſit pulverem
Quam tu de eo feciſti.

Thence to th'*Bull* at *Rothram* came I,
Where my Gold, if I had any,
Left I, long I ſtoutly roared,
Till on Bridge I broke my Forehead,
Whence aſham'd, while Forehead ſmarted,
I by Night-time thence departed.

Thence to *Donc'ſter*, who'll believe it?
Both a *Light-one* and a *Levite*
There I view'd; too, too aged,
Yet to love ſo far engaged,
That on Earth ſhe only wiſhed
To be painted, pricked, kiſſed.

Thence to **Aberford*, whoſe Beginning
Came from buying Drink with Pinning:

* At ſuch time as we ſojourn'd in this poor Village, it chanc'd that a certain Pinner, and one of the choiceſt of all his Flock, being choak'd with Pin-duſt, dy'd; to whoſe Memory we find this Epitaph recorded:

——— O cruel Death!
To rob this Man of Breath,
Who, while he liv'd, in ſcraping of a Pin,
Made better Duſt than thou haſt made of him.

Pauperes ſunt & indigentes,
Multum tamen ſitientes;
Parum habent, nec habentur
Ulla, quæ non tenet venter.

Veni * Wetherb, *ubi viſam*
Clari Ducis meretricem,
Amplexurus, porta ſtrepit,
Et ſtrependo Dux me cepit;
Ut me cepit, aurem vellit,
Et præcipitem foris pellit.

Hinc diverſo curſu, ſero
Quod audiſſem de Pindero
Wakefeeldenſi, *gloria Mundi,*
Ubi ſocii ſunt jucundi,
Mecum ſtatui peragrare
Georgii *fuſtem viſitare.*

Veni

---

* In Corneolo Angiportu,
Subamœniore Horto
Specioſa manet ſcorta,
Meretricia Procans ſporta.

Poor they are, and very needy,
Yet of Liquor very greedy:
Had they never ſo much Plenty,
Belly'd make their Purſes empty.

Thence to * *Wetherb*, where an apt one
To be *Punk* unto a Captain,
I embrac'd, as I had got it,
But Door creak'd, and Captain ſmoak'd it:
Took me by th' Ears, and ſo drew me,
Till head-long down Stairs he threw me.

Turning thence, none cou'd me hinder
To ſalute the *Wakefield Pindar*;
Who indeed's the World's Glory,
With his *Comrades* never ſorry.
This was the Cauſe, leſt you ſhould miſs it,
George's Club I meant to viſit.

* Near *Horn-Alley*, in a Garden,
A Wench more wanton than *Kate Arden*
Sojourns, one that ſcorns a Waſt-coat,
Wooing Clients with her Basket.

Veni Wakefeeld *peramœnum,*
Ubi quærens Georgium Grenum,
Non inveni, ſed in lignum
Fixum reperi Georgii *ſignum,*
Ubi allam bibi feram,
Donec Georgio *fortior eram.*

Veni Bradford, *ceſſi foris*
In Familiam Amoris,
Amant iſtæ & amantur,
Creſcunt & multiplicantur,
Spiritus inſtructi armis,
Nocte colunt opera carnis.

Veni Kighley, *ubi montes*
Minitantes, vivi fontes,
Ardui colles, aridæ valles,
Læti tamen ſunt Sodales,
Feſtivantes & jucundi,
Aç ſi Domini eſſent Mundi.

Veni Giggleſwick, *parum frugis*
Profert tellus clauſa jugis;

Ibi

Strait at *Wakefield* I was ſeen a,
Where I ſought for *George à Green* a;
But cou'd find not ſuch a Creature,
Yet on a Sign I ſaw his Feature;
Where Strength of Ale had ſo much ſtir'd me,
That I grew ſtouter far than *Jordie*.

Thence to *Bradford*, where I enter'd,
In Family where Love oft centur'd:
They love, are lov'd, and make no Shew,
Yet ſtill grow, and do encreaſe too:
Furniſh'd with their ſpritely Weapons;
She-fleſh feels Prieſts are no Capons.

Thence to *Kighley*, where are Mountains
Steepy-threatning, lively Fountains;
Riſing Hills, and barren Vallies,
Yet *Bon-Socio*'s and good Fellows;
Jovial, jocund, jolly Bowlers,
As they were the World's Controulers.

Thence to *Giggleſwick* moſt ſteril,
Hemm'd with Rocks and Shelves of Peril:

Ibi * *vena prope viæ*
Fluit, refluit, nocte, die,
Neque nôrunt unde vena,
An à ſale vel arena.

Veni Clapham, *unus horum*
Qui accivit voce forum,
Prima hora ut me viſit,
Mihi Halecem promiſit;
Halecem mihi, calicem ei,
Pignus in amoris mei.

Veni † Ingleton, *ubi degi.*
Donec Fabri caput fregi,
Quo peracto, in me ruunt
Mulieres, ſaxa pluunt,
Queis perculſus, timens lædi,
His poſteriora dedi.

Veni

---

* E gremio collis ſaliens ſcatet unda perennis,
Quæ fluit & refluit, nil tamen æſtus habet.

† Pirgus ineſt fano, fanum ſub acumine Collis,
Collis ab elatis actus & auctus Aquis.

Near to th' Way as a Traveller goes,
A freſh * Spring both ebbs and flows:
Neither know the Learn'd that travel,
What procures it, *Salt* or *Gravel.*

Thence to *Clapham*, drawing nigher,
He that was the common Cryer:
☞ To a Breakfaſt of one Herring
Did invite me firſt appearing.
Herring he, I Drink beſtow'd,
Pledges of the Love we ow'd.

Thence to † *Ingleton*, where I liv'd
Till I brake a Blackſmith's Head,
Which done, Women ruſh'd in on me,
Stones like Hail ſhower'd down upon me:
Whence aſtoniſh'd, fearing harming,
Leave I took, but gave no Warning.

* Near th' bottom of this Hill, cloſe by the way,
A freſh Spring ebbs and flows all Hours o'th' Day.

† The Poor-man's Box is in the Temple ſet,
Church under Hill, the Hill by Waters bet.

Veni Loneſdale, *ubi cernam*
Aulam factam in Tabernam;
Nitidæ portæ, nivei muri,
Cyathi pleni, paucæ curæ;
Edunt, bibunt, ludunt, rident,
Cura dignum nihil vident.

Veni Cowbrow, *vaccæ collem,*
Ubi hoſpitem tetigi mollem,
Pingui ventre, læto vultu,
Tremulo curſu, trepido cultu,
Uti bibula titubat Vates,
Donec cecidit ſupra nates.

Veni Natland, *eo ventus,*
Eboraci *qui Contemptus*
Colligit, hoſpitium dedit,
Mecum bibit, mecum edit,
Semipotus, ſicut uſi,
Circa Maypole *plebe luſi.*

Veni Kirkland, *veni* Kendal,
Omnia hauſi, vulgo Spend-all,

Nocte,

Thence to *Loneſdale*, where I view'd
An Hall, which like a Tavern ſhew'd;
Neat Gates, white Walls, nought was ſparing,
Pots brim-full, no thought of caring:
They eat, drink, laugh, are ſtill Mirth-making,
Nought they ſee that's worth Care taking.

Thence to *Cowbrow*, Truth I'll tell ye,
Mine Hoſteſs had a ſupple Belly,
Body plump, and Count'nance chearful,
Reeling Pace (a Welcome fearful)
Like a drunken Hag ſhe ſtumbled,
Till ſhe on her Buttocks tumbled.

Thence to *Natland*, b'ing come thither,
He who *York*'s Contempts did gather,
Gave me Harbour light as Feather,
We both drank and eat together,
Till half tipſy, as it chanced,
We about the *Maypole* danced.

Thence to *Kirkland*, thence to *Kendall*,
I did that which Men call *Spend-all:*

Night

Nocte, die, peramicè
Bibi potum miſtum pice.
" Tege caput, tende manum,
" Manu caput fit inſanum.

His relictis, Staveley *vidi,*
Ubi tota Nocte bibi,
Semper lepidus, ſemper lætus,
Inter hilares vixi Cœtus,
Queis jurando ſum manſurus,
Donec Barnaba *rediturus.*

Finis Partis primæ.

In

Night and Day with Sociats many,
I drank Ale both thick and clammy.
" Shroud thy Head, Boy, ſtretch thy Hand too,
" Hand has done what Head can't ſtand to.

Leaving theſe, to *Staveley* came I,
Where now all Night drinking am I;
Always frolick, free from Yellows,
With a Conſort of good Fellows;
Where I'll ſtay, and end my Journey,
Till Brave *Barnaby* return a.

The End of the Firſt Part.

Upon

In Bacchi *Thyrſum* & Barnabæ *Naſum*; Epigramma:

ALIAS,

Naſutum Dilemma.

Hædera læta bono non eſt ſuſpenſa falerno,
Thyrſus enim Bacchi, Barnabæ *Naſus erit.*
Non opus eſt Thyrſo, non fronde virent cupreſſi,
Si non Thyrſus erit, Barnabæ *Naſus olet.*

Corollarium.

Non Thyrſus, Thyaſus; Cyathus tibi Thyrſus & Urſus,
Thyrſus quo redoles Urſus ut intus oles.

Upon Bacchus's *Buſh and* Barnaby's *Noſe*; *an* EPIGRAM:

OR,

The Long-ſnouted Dilemma.

GOod Wine no Buſh doth need, as I ſuppoſe,
Let *Bacchus* Buſh be *Barnaby*'s rich Noſe.
No Buſh, no Garland needs of Cypreſs green,
Barnaby's Noſe may for a Buſh be ſeen.

Corollary.

No Buſh, no Garland; Pot's thy *Buſh* and *Bear*:
Of *Bear* and *Buſh* thou ſmelleſt all the Year.

Bar-

Barnabæ Itinerarium.

Pars II.

Mirtil.

Fauſte (Fauſtule) *rediiſti,*
Narra (*precor*) *quo veniſti,*
Villos, vicos viſitaſti,
Cœtus, Situs peragraſti,
Certe ſcis ab Aquilone,
Multum mali, parum boni.

Fauſtul.

Ille ego ſum qui quondam,
Crines, mores, veſtes nondum
Sunt mutatæ, nam receſſi,
Calceamentis queis diſceſſi,
Neque pectine uſus fui,
Sic me meis *juvat frui.*

Sed

Barnaby's Journal.

PART II.

Mirtil.

YOung *Fauſte*, happily returned;
Tell me, prithee, where'ſt ſojourned;
What Towns, Villages thou'ſt viewed,
What Seats, Sights, or States were ſhewed:
Sure thou know'ſt the *North*'s uncivil,
Small Good comes thence, but much Evil.

Fauſtul.

What I was once, ſame I am now,
Hair, Conditions, Garments too;
Yea, there's no Man juſtly doubteth,
Theſe the ſame Shooes I went out with:
And for Comb, I ne'er us'd any,
Leſt I loſt ſome of my Money.

But

Sed arrectis auribus audi,
Quid dilexi, quicquid odi,
* *Pontes, Fontes, Montes, Valles,*
Caulas, Cellas, Colles, Calles,
Vias, Villas, Vicos, Vices,
Caſtas, cautas, meretrices.
Dicam (quod mirandum) verum,
Non pauperior ſum quam eram,
Uno nec quadrante ditior,
Lautior, lætior, nec fælicior,
Mollior, melior, potior, pejor,
Minus ſanus, magis æger.
Ego enim Mundum *totum*
Tanti eſſe quanti potum
Semper duxi: mori mallem
Nobilem quam vitare allam:
" *Sobrius ſimilis apparet Agno,*
" *Ebrius* Alexandro Magno.
Leviore nam Mæandro
Capite capto, ſum Lyſandro
Multo fortior, & illæſum
Puto me capturum Rheſum;

Sed

* Anglia, mons, fons, pons, Eccleſia, fœmina, lana.

But attend me, and partake it,
What I loved, what I hated,
* Bridges, Fountains, Mountains, Vallies,
Huts, Cells, Hillocks, Highways, Shallows,
Paths, Towns, Villages, and Trenches,
Chaſte, choice, chary, merry Wenches.
Truth I'll tell thee, nothing ſurer,
Richer am not, nor yet poorer;
Gladder, madder, nor more pleaſing,
Blither, brisker, more in Seaſon;
Better, worſer, thinner, thicker,
Neither healthier nor ſicker.
For the World, I ſo far prize it,
But for Liquor I'd deſpiſe it;
Thouſand Deaths I'd rather die too,
Than hold Ale mine Enemy too:
" Sober, Lamb-like do I wander,
" Drunk, I'm ſtout as *Alexander*.
When my Head feels its Mæander,
I am ſtronger than *Lyſander*;
Th' Iſle of *Ree*, I little fear it,
Without Wound to win and wear it:

* *England*, amongſt all Nations, is moſt full
Of Hills, Wells, Bridges, Churches, Women, Wooll.

Sed ne tibi gravior eſſem,
Nunc deſcendam ad progreſſum.

Primò occurrit peregranti
* *Oppidum* Joannis Ganti,
Sedes nota & vetuſta,
Mendicantibus onuſta,
Janitorem *habens qualem*
Mundus vix oſtendet talem.

Veni Aſhton, *ubi vinum,*
Militem, & Heroinam,
Clarum, charum, & formoſam,
Damam, domum ſpecioſam
Vidi, merſi mero Muſam,
Donec pes amiſit uſum.

Veni Garſtrang, *ubi male*
Intrans forum Beſtiale,
Forte vacillando vico
Huc & illuc cum amico,
In Juvencæ dorſum rui
Cujus cornu læſus fui.

Veni

* Scinditur a clivo Turris, bitumine murus;
Mœnia ſic propriis ſunt redditura rogis.

But leſt tedious I expreſs me,
To my *Progreß* I'll addreſs me.

Firſt Place where I firſt was known-a,
Was Brave *John à Gant's* old † Town-a:
A Seat anciently renowned,
But with ſtore of Beggars crowned;
For a *Goaler* ripe and mellow,
The World has not ſuch a Fellow.

Thence to *Aſton*, good as may be
Was the Wine, brave Knight, bright Lady;
All I ſaw was comely, ſpecious,
Seemly gracious, neatly precious;
My Muſe with *Bacchus* ſo long traded,
When I walk'd, my Legs deny'd it.

Thence to *Garſtang*, pray you hark it,
Ent'ring there a great Beaſt-market;
As I jogged on the Street,
'Twas my Fortune for to meet
A young Heifer, who before her
Took me up, and threw me o'er her.

† An ancient Arch doth threaten a decline,
And ſo muſt ſtrongeſt Piles give way to Time.

Veni Preſton, *ductus eram*
Ad bacchantem Baniſterum,
Ac ſi una ſtirpe nati,
Fratres fuimus jurati;
Septem dies ibi manſi,
Multum bibi, nunquam pranſi.

Veni Euſton, *ubi hoſpes*
Succi plena, corpore ſoſpes,
Crine ſparſo, vultu blando,
At halitu (proh) nefando,
Qua relicta cum ancillis,
Me ad lectum duxit Phyllis.

Veni Wiggan *prope cœnam,*
Ad hoſpitulam obſcœnam;
Votis meis ſit ſecunda,
Ebria fuit & jocunda;
Sparſit anus *intellectum,*
Me relicto, minxit lectum.

Veni Newton in Salictis,
Ubi ludens chartis pictis

Cum

Thence to *Preſton*, I was led-a,
To Brave *Baniſters* to Bed-a;
As two born and bred together,
We were preſently ſworn Brether;
Seven Days were there aſſigned,
Oft I ſupt, but never dined.

Thence to *Euſton*, where mine Hoſteſs
Feels as ſoft as any Toſt is;
Jucy, luſty, Count'nance toothſome,
Braided Hair, but Breath moſt loathſome;
Her I left with Locks of Amber;
Phyllis light me to my Chamber.

Thence to *Wiggan* about Supper,
To an Hoſteſs, none more ſlutter:
Buxom was ſhe, yet to ſee to,
She'd be drunk for Company too;
Wit this Beldame ſoon did ſcatter,
And in Bed diſtill'd her Water.

Thence to *Newton* in the *Willows*,
Where being boulſter'd up with Pillows,

Cum puella ſpecioſa,
Cujus nomen erat * Roſa,
Centi-pede provocavi
Ad amandum quam amavi.

Veni Warrington, *profluentes*
Rivos ripas tranſeuntes
Spectans, multo ſatius ratus
Mergi Terris quam in Aquis,
Vixi laute, bibi læte,
Donec aquas ſignant metæ.

Veni Budworth *uſque* Gallum,
Ubi bibi fortem allam,
Sed ebrietate captus,
Ire lectum ſum coactus;
Mihi mirus affuit ſtatus,
A duobus ſum portatus.

Sed amore captus grandi
Viſitandi Thomam Gandi,

Holmi

* Quam Roſa ſpiravit! ſed odoribus *Aquilo* flavit,
Et rugas retulit quas meminiſſe dolet.

I at Cards play'd with a Girl,
* *Roſe* by Name, a dainty Pearl:
At Centy-foot I oft'n moved
Her to love me, whom I loved.

Thence to *Warrington*, Banks o'erflowed,
Travellers to th' Town were rowed;
Where ſuppoſing it much better
To be drown on Land than Water:
Sweetly, neatly, I ſojourned
Till that Deluge thence returned.

Thence to th'*Cock* at *Budworth*, where I
Drank ſtrong Ale as brown as Berry:
Till at laſt with deep Healths felled,
To my Bed I was compelled:
I for State was bravely ſorted,
By two Porters well ſupported.

Where no ſooner underſtand I
Of mine honeſt Hoſt *Tom Gandi*,

* Freſh was my *Roſe*, till by a North Wind toſs'd,
She Sap, Scent, Vordure, and her Vigour loſt.

Holmi *petii* Sacellum,
Ubi conjugem & puellam
Vidi pulchras, licet ſero
Has neglexi, merſus mero.

Hinc ad Tauk-a-Hill *perventum,*
Collem valde lutulentum,
Faber mihi bene notus
Mecum bibit donec potus,
Quo relicto, Cythera *ſponte*
Cornua fixit Lemnia *fronte.*

Novo-Caſtro Subter-Linum,
Mulſum propinavi vinum;
Nullus ibi fit ſceleſtus,
Vox clamantis in ſuggeſtu;
Portas caſtitatis frangunt,
Quas extincta luce tangunt.

Veni Stone *ad* Campanam,
Vidi * Deliam *non* Dianam;
Hic ſuſpectam habens vitam
Paſtor gregis, Jeſuitam

Me

* O mellea mea Delia!

To *Holm-Chapel* forthwith ſet I,
Maid and Hoſteſs both were pretty,
But to drink took I Affection,
I forgot ſoon their Complexion.

Thence to *Tauk-a-Hill* reſort I,
An Hill ſteepy, ſlippery, durty:
Smith with me being well acquainted,
Drank with me till's Brains were tainted:
Having left me, *Venus* ſwore it,
She'd Shooe-horn her *Vulcan*'s Forehead.

At *New-caſtle Under-line* a,
There I trounc'd it in burnt Wine a:
None o' th' *Wicked* there remained,
Weekly Lectures were proclaimed:
Chaſtity they roughly handle,
While blind Zeal ſnuffs out the Candle.

Thence to th'*Bell* at *Stone* ſtrait draw I,
Delia †, no *Diana* ſaw I:
By the Parſon I was cited,
Who held me for Jeſuited;

In

† O my Honeyſuckle *Delia*!

Me cenſebat, ſed incertas
Nil invenit præter chartas.

Haywood *properans malignam,*
Nocte præparat aprugnam
Mihi Hoſpes ; ſed quid reſtat ?
Calices haurire præſtat :
Nullum Baccho gratius libum,
Quam mutare potu cibum.

Veni Ridgelay, *ubi Faber,*
Cui liquor Summus labor,
Mecum bibit ; Nocte data
Mihi matula perforata,
Vaſis crimine detecto,
Fit Oceanus in lecto.

Veni Bruarton, Claudi *domum,*
Ubi querulum audiens ſonum,
Conjugem virum verberantem,
Et vicinum equitantem ;
Quo peracto, frontem lini
Spuma bynes inſtar vini.

In his Search, the Door faſt locked,
Nought but Cards were in my Pocket.

Thence to *Haywood* taking flight-a,
Mine Hoſteſs gave me Brawn at Night-a:
But, what's that unto the Matter?
Whiskins ſorted with my Nature:
To brave *Bacchus* no Gift quicker
Than Meat changed to ſtrong Liquor.

Thence to *Ridgelay*, where a Blackſmith,
Liquor being all he'd take with;
Bouſed with me; Midnight waking,
And a Looking-glaſs there taking:
Chamber-pot was hol'd quite thorow,
Which made me lie wet till Morrow.

Thence to *Bruarton*, old *Claudus*
Did approve us and applaud us;
Where I heard a woful bleating,
A curſt Wife her Husband beating:
Neighbour rode for this Default-a,
While I dy'd my Front with Malt-a.

Thence

Inde * Litchfield *properabam,*
Ubi quendam invitabam
Perobſcænum opibus plenum,
Ad ſumendum mecum cœnam;
Hauſto vino, acta cœna,
Solvit divitis crumena.

Veni Coleſhill, *ad macellum,*
Ubi in cerviſiam cellam
Forte ruens, cella ſordet,
Uxor mulcet, urſa mordet;
Sed ut Lanius fecit focum
Lectum, dereliqui locum.

Veni Meredin, *Meri-die,*
Ubi longæ feſſus viæ,
Hoſpitem in genu cepi,
Et ulterius furtim repi;
Cum qua propinando manſi,
Donec ſponſam ſponſum ſenſi.

Veni

* Cautibus, arboribus, cinaris, frondentibus herbis,
Crevit in Eccleſiam vallis opima tuam.

Thence to * *Litchfield*, went I right on,
Where I chanced to invite one:
A Curmudgeon rich, but naſty,
To a Supper of a Paſty:
Having ſipt, and ſupt, and ended,
What I ſpent, the Miſer lended.

Thence to *Coleſhill*, to a Shamble,
Like an old Fox did I ramble
Down naſty Cellar, Wife inviting,
All while curſed Bear was biting;
But the Butcher having made
The Fire his Bed, no more I ſtaid.

Thence to *Meredin* appear I,
Where grown Foot-ſore, and ſore weary;
I repos'd, where I chuck'd *Joan*-a,
Felt her Pulſe, would further gone-a:
There we drank, and no Gueſt croſt us,
Till I took the Hoſt for th' Hoſteſs.

Thence

* Enclos'd with Cliffs, Trees, Graſs and Artichokes,
The fruitful Vale up to the Temple look.

Veni Coventry, *ubi dicunt*
Quod Cœruleum filum *texunt,*
Ego autem hoc ignoro,
Nullum enim emi foro,
Nec diſcrevi juxta morem,
Lignum, lucem, nec colorem.

Veni Dunchurch *per latrones*
Ad lurcones & lenones,
Nullum tamen timui horum,
Nec latronem, nec liquorem;
Etſi Dives metu ſatur,
Cantet vacuus Viator.

Mane Daintry *ut veniſſem,*
Corculum quod reliquiſſem,
Avide quærens per muſæum,
Deſponſatam eſſe eam
Intellexi, qua audita,
"*Vale* (*dixi*) Proſelyta.

Veni Wedon, *ubi varii*
Omnis gentis Tabellarii

Con-

Thence to *Coventry*, where 'tis ſaid-a
Coventry-Blue is only made-a;
This I know not, for ſure am I,
In no Market bought I any:
Bacchus made me ſuch a Scholar,
Black nor Blue, I knew no Colour.

Thence to *Dunchurch*, where Report is
Of Pimps, Punks, a great Reſort is:
But to me none ſuch appear'd,
Thief nor Bung-hole I ne'er fear'd:
Though Curmudgeons have Fears plenty,
Safe he ſings whoſe Purſe is empty.

At *Daintry* early might you find me,
But not the Wench I left behind me:
Near the School-houſe where I bouſed,
Her I ſought, but ſhe was ſpouſed;
Which I having heard that Night-a,
" Farewel (quoth I) *Proſelyta.*

Thence to *Wedon*, there I tarry'd,
In a Waggon to be carry'd;

Car-

Convenissent, donec mundus
Currit cerebro rotundus:
" Solvite Sodales læti,
*" Plus * reliqui quam accepi.*

Veni Tosseter *die Martis,*
Ubi Baccalaureum artis
Bacchandlia celebrantem
Ut inveni tam constantem,
Feci me consortem festi
Tota nocte perhonesti.

Veni Stratford, *ubi* Grenum
Procis procam, Veneris venam,
Nulla tamen forma jugis,
† *Verdor oris perit rugis;*
Flos ut viret semel aret,
Forma spreta procis caret.

Tenens

---

* Nauseanti Stomacho effluunt omnia.

† Vere fruor titulo, non sanguine, fronte, capillo!
Nomine si vireo, Vere tamen pereo.

Carriers there are to be found-a,
Who will drink till th' World run round-a:
" Pay, good Fellows, I'll pay nought here,
" I have left * more than I brought here.

Thence to *Tosseter* on Tuesday,
Where an artful Batchelor chus'd I
To consort with; we ne'er budged,
But to *Bacchus* Revels trudged:
All the Night-long sat we at it,
Till we both grew heavy-pated.

Thence to *Stratford*, where *Frank* †*Green*-a,
Dainteſt *Doe* that e'er was seen-a:
Venus varnish me saluted,
But no Beauty long can sute it:
Beauty feedeth, Beauty fadeth,
Beauty lost, her Wooer vadeth.

* My queasy Stomach making bold
To give them that it could not hold.

† *Green* is my Name, from him whom I obey,
But tho' my Name be *Green*, my Head is grey.

Tenens curſum & decorum,
Brickhill, *ubi* Juniorem
Veni, vidi, propter mentem
Unum octo Sapientum;
Sonat vox ut Philomela,
Ardet naſus ut candela.

Hocklayhole *ut acceſſiſſem,*
Cellam Scyllam incidiſſem,
Antro ſimilem Inferni,
Aut latibulo Lavernæ;
Ibi diu propinando,
Sævior eram quam Orlando.

Veni Dunſtable, *ubi mures*
Intus reptant, extus fures,
Sed vacandum omni metu
Furum temulento cœtu,
Pars ingenii manſit nulla
Quam non tenuit ampulla.

Veni Redbourn, *ubi Mimi*
Neque medii, neque primi:

Pro-

Holding on my Journey longer,
Strait at *Brickhill*, with *Tom Younger*;
I arriv'd; one by this Cheeſe-a,
Styl'd the eighth Wiſeman of *Greece*-a,
Voice more ſweet than *Progne*'s Siſter,
Like a Torch his Noſe doth gliſter.

To *Hocklayhole* as I approached,
Scylla's Barmy Cell I broached:
Dark as th' Cave of *Pluto*'s Station,
Or *Laverna*'s Habitation:
Quaffing there while I could ſtand-o,
Madder grew I than *Orlando*.

Thence to *Dunſtable*, all about me;
Mice within, and Thieves without me:
But no Fear affrights deep Drinkers,
There I toſt it with my Skinkers:
Not a Drop of Wit remained
Which the Bottle had not drained.

Thence to *Redburne*, where were Players,
None of *Roſcius* active Heirs:

Prologus hedera redimitus
Simiano: geſtu ſitus,
* *Convivalem cecinit odem,*
Heus tu corrige diploidem!

Illinc Stomacho inani
Petii oppidum † Albani,
Ubi tantum fecit vinum,
Dirigentem ad Londinum
Manum *manu cepi mea,*
Ac ſi ſocia eſſet ea.

Veni Barnet *ſigno* Burſæ,
Ubi conveniſſent Urſi,
Propinquanti duo horum
Parum ſtudioſi morum,

Sub-

Actor.
* Dapes Convivio, ſapore vario.
Auctor.
Diplois ſpatio lataque medio,
Corrige diploidem ægregie Nebulo.

† Hic *Albanus* erat, tumulum, titulumq; reliquit;
Albion Albanum vix parit alma parem.

Prologue crown'd with a Wreath of Ivy,
Jetted like an Ape moſt lively:
I told them ſitting at the * Banquet,
They ſhould be canvas'd in a Blanket.

From thence with a Stomach empty,
To the Town of † *Albane* went I:
Where with Wine I was ſo undone,
As the *Hand* which guides to *London*:
In my blind Hand I received,
And her more Acquaintance craved.

Thence to th' *Purſe* at *Barnet* known-a,
There the Bears were come to Town-a:
Two rude Hunks, 'tis Troth I tell ye,
Drawing near them, they did ſmell me:

Actor.
* Even as in a Ban-a-quet are Diſh-es
Of Sun-dry ta-aſt.

Author.
Even ſo is thy Doo-blet too long
i'th' Wa-aſt;
Go mend it thou Knave, go mend it.

† Here *Alban* was; his Tomb, his Title too;
" All *Albion* ſhew me ſuch an *Alban* now.

Subligacula dente petunt,
Quo poſteriora fœtent.

Veni Highgate, *quo proſpexi*
* *Urbem perdite quam dilexi,*
Hic Tyronibus exoſum
Hauſi Cornu tortuoſum,
Ejus memorans ſalutem
Cujus caput ſit cornutum.

Veni Holloway, Pileum rubrum,
In cohortem muliebrem,
Me Adonidem *vocant omnes*
Meretrices Babylonis;
Tangunt, tingunt, molliunt, mulcent,
At egentem, foris pulſant.

Veni Iſlington *ad* Leonem,
Ubi ſpectans Hiſtrionem

Socia-

* Tot colles *Roma*, quot ſunt Spectacula Trojæ,
Quæ ſeptem numero, digna labore tuo
Iſta manent Trojæ ſpectacula: 1. Buſta, 2. Gigantes, 3. Hiſtrio, 4. Dementes, 5. Struthiones, 6. Urſa, 7. Leones.

And like two miſshapen Wretches,
Made me, ay me, wrong my Bretches.

Thence to *Highgate*, where I viewed
* City I ſo dearly loved,
And th' *Horn of Matriculation*
Drank to th' Freſhmen of our Nation;
To his Memory ſaluted,
Whoſe branch'd Head was laſt cornuted.

Thence to *Holloway*, *Mother Red-Cap*,
In a Troop of Trulls I did hap:
Whores of *Babylon* me impalled,
And me their *Adonis* called;
With me toy'd they, buſs'd me, cull'd me,
But being needy, our they pull'd me.

Thence to *Iſlington* at *Lyon*,
Where a juggling I did ſpy one:

* Seven Hills there were in *Rome*, and ſo there be Seven Sights in *New-Troy* crave our Memory:
1. Tombs, 2. Guild-hall Gyants, 3. Stage-plays, 4. Bedlam-(poor.
5. Oſtrich, 6. Bear-garden, 7. Lyons in the Tow'r.

Sociatum cum choraulis,
Dolis immiſcentem ſales,
Cytharæ repſi in vaginam,
Quod præſtigiis dedit finem.

Ægre jam relicto rure,
Securem Aldermanni-bury
Primo petii, qua exoſa
Sentina, Holburni Roſa
Me excepit, ordine tali
Appuli Gryphem veteris Baily;
Ubi experrectus lecto,
Tres Ciconias *indies ſpecto,*
Quo victurus, donec æſtas
Rure curas tollet mœſtas;
Feſtus Fauſtulus *& feſtivus,*
Calice vividus, corpore vivus.
Ego etiam & Sodales
Nunc Galerum Cardinalis
Viſitantes, vi Minervæ
Bibimus ad Cornua Cervi,
Sed Actæon *anxius horum,*
Luce ſeparat Uxorem.

Sub

Nimble with his Mates conſorting,
Mixing cheating with his Sporting:
Creeping into th' Caſe of 's Viol,
Spoil'd his juggling, made them fly all.

Country left, I in a Fury
To the *Axe* in *Alderm'n-bury*
Firſt arriv'd, that place ſlighted,
I at *Roſe* in *Holbourn* lighted:
From the *Roſe* in Flaggons ſail I
To the *Griffin* i'th' *Old-Baily.*
Where no ſooner do I waken,
Than to *Three Cranes* am I taken;
Where I lodge and am no ſtarter,
Till I ſee the Summer quarter:
Pert is *Fauſtulus*, and pleaſing,
Cup brim full, and corpſe in Seaſon.
Yea, my merry Mates and I too,
Oft the *Cardinal's Hat* do fly to,
Where a *Harts-Horns* we carouſe it,
As *Minerva* doth infuſe it:
But *Actæon* ſick o' th' Yellows,
Mews his Wife up from Good-fellows.

Under

Sub Sigillo Tubi *fumantis*
Et Thyrſi *flammantis,*
Motu Mulciberi *Naſo-flagrantis.*

Officina juncta Bacco
Juvenilem fert Tobacco,
Uti libet, *tunc ſignata,*
Quæ impreſſio nunc mutata,
Uti fiet, *nota certa*
Qua delineatur Charta.

Τέλ⊙, *ſine* telis *non* typis.

Finis Partis Secundæ.

In

Under th' Sign of *Pipe* ſtill fuming,
And the *Buſh* for ever flaming;
Mulciber the Motion moving,
With Noſe-burning Maſter ſhaming.

A Shop neighbouring near *Iacco*,
Where *Young* vends his old *Tobacco*:
As you like it; ſometimes ſealed,
Which Impreſſion's ſince repealed:
As you make it; he will have it,
And in Chart and Front engrave it:

Harmleſs, but no artleſs End
Cloze I here unto my Friend.

The End of the Second Part.

Upon

In ERRATA.

INter Accipitrem & Buteonem,
Juxta phraſem percommunem,
Spectans iſta typis data,
Hæc comperui Errata;
Quæ ſi corrigas (Candide Lector)
Plena coronet pocula Nectar.

A vertice ad calcem
Erratis admove falcem.

Errando, diſco.

JAm Venus Vinis *reditura* Venis,
JAm Venus Venis *peritura plenis,*
Nam Venus Venis *patitur ſerenis,*
Nectare plenis.

Bar-

Upon the ERRATA's.

BEtwixt *Hawk* and *Buzzard*, O Man,
After th' Phraſe of Speech ſo common;
Having ſeen this *Journal* at print,
I found theſe *Errata*'s in't:
Which if thou correct, kind Reader,
Nectar be thy Muſe's feeder.

From the Head unto the Foot,
Nought but *Error*, look unto't.

This Obſervation have I found moſt true;
Erring, I learn mine Errors to ſubdue.

NOW *Venus* pure *Veins* are with *Wines* inflamed,
Now *Venus* full *Veins* are by *Wines* reſtrained:
For *Venus* ſwoln *Veins* are by *Morpheus* chained,
From Folly wained.

Bar-

Barnabæ Itinerarium.

Pars III.

Mirtil.

IO Fauſtule! *gratulantur*
Qui te amant & amantur,
Te incolumem rediturum!
Spreta Curia, pone curam,
Narra vias, quas calcaſti,
Queis ſpiraſti, quas ſpectaſti.
Ne Epheſios Diana
Fit celebriore fama;
Omnes omnia de te fingunt,
Statuam Pictores pingunt;
Tolle metum, mitte moram,
Fac te clarum viatorem.

Barnaby's Journal.

PART III.

Mirtil.

WHoup *Fauſtulus!* all draw nigh thee
That do love thee, or lov'd by thee;
Joying in thy ſafe returning!
Leave Court Care, and fruitleſs Mourning:
Way th'ſt walked, pray thee ſhew it,
Where th'aſt lived, what haſt' viewed.
Not th' *Epheſian Diana*
Is of more renowned Fame-a:
Acting Wonders, all invent thee,
Painters in their Statues paint thee:
Baniſh Fear, remove Delay Man,
Shew thy ſelf a famous Way-Man.

Fau-

Fauſtul.

Mitte moram, tolle metum!
Quis me unquam minus lætum
Cum adverſis *agitatum,*
Aut ſecundis *tam inflatum*
Vidit, ut mutando morem
Reddant me ſuperbiorem.
Aſpernarer ego Mundum,
Niſi mundus me jucundum
Bonis ſociis, radiis vitæ
Sociali tinctis ſiti
Celebraret; adi, audi,
Et Progreſſu meo gaude.

Primo die ſatur vino,
Veni Iſlington *à* Londino,
Iter arduum & grave,
Sero tamen ſuperavi,
Acta veſpertina Scena,
Siccior eram quam arena.

Fauſtul.

Leave Delay, and be not fearful!
Why! who e're ſaw me leſs cheerful?
When I was by Fortune cuffed,
Or by Fortunes Smiles ſo puffed,
That I ſhew'd my ſelf far prouder
Than when ſhe more ſcornful ſhew'd her.
For the World, I would not prize her,
Yea, in time I ſhould deſpiſe her,
Had ſhe in her no good Fellow,
That would drink till he grew mellow:
Draw near and hear, thou ſhalt have all,
Hearing, joy in this my Travel.

First Day having drank with many,
To *Iſlington* from *London* came I,
Journey long, and grievous Weather,
Yet the Ev'ning brought me thither;
Having ta'en my Pots by th' Fire,
Summer Sand was never dryer.

Veni Kingſland, *terram regiſ,*
Specioſam cœtu gregiſ,
Equum ubi fatigantem,
Vix ulterius ſpatiantem,
Nec verberibus nec verbis
Motum, gelidis dedi herbis.

Veni Totnam-altam-crucem,
Quo diſceſſi ante lucem;
Hoſpes ſociis parum caret,
Nemo Fauſtulum *ſpectaret;*
Pratum ſtratum, & Cubile
O piaculum! fit fœnile.

Ut reliqui Crucem altam,
Lento curſu petii Waltham,
In hoſpitium Oſwaldi,
Qui mi regiam * Theobaldi,

Mon-

De auguſtiſſima Domo Theobaldi.

* O Domus auguſtæ radiantia limina noſtræ!
An veſtrum eſt mundi lumine clauſa mori?
Regia quo Sponſi pietas dedit oſcula Sponſæ,
Et ſpirare Sabæ vota ſuprema ſuæ!

Thence to *Kingſland*, where were feeding
Cattel, Sheep, and Mares for breeding;
As I found it, there I feared
That my *Rozinant* was wear'ed:
When he would jog on no faſter,
Looſe I turn'd him to the Paſture.

Thence to *Totnam-high-Croß* turning,
I departed 'fore next Morning:
Hoſteſs on her Gueſts ſo doted,
Fauſtulus was little noted:
To an Hay-loft I was led in,
Boards my Bed, and Straw my Bedding.

Having thus left *High-Croß* early,
I to *Waltham* travelled fairly,
To the Hoſpital of *Oſwald*,
And that Princely Seat of * *The'bald*;

On the King's Houſe at *Tibbals*.

* This Seat, this Royal Object of the Sight,
Shall it for ever bid the World good Night?
Where our preceding Kings enjoy'd ſuch Bliſs,
And ſeal'd their amorous Fancies with a Kiſs!

Monſtrat domum, quo conſpecto,
Hauſi noctem ſine lecto.

Veni Hodſdon, *ſtabant foris*
Chartis pictis Impoſtores,
Queis deceptis, notis cauſis,
Ante Eirenarcham pacis
Eos duxi, ut me videt,
Laudat eos, me deridet.

Veni Ware, *ubi belli*
Saltus, ſitus, & Amwelli
Amnes lenem dantes ſonum,
Qui ditarunt Middletonum:
Sunt ſpectati more miti,
"*O ſi eſſent* Aqua vitæ!

Veni Wademill, *ubi ritè*
Pleno cyatho dempta ſiti,
Quidam clamitant jocosè,
Me ſpectantes otioſe,
Co-ementem hæc flagella,
"*Ubi Equus, ubi Sella?*

Veni

There all Night I drank old Sack-a,
With my Bed upon my Back-a.

Thence to *Hodſdon*, where ſtood watching
Cheats who liv'd by Cony catching:
Falſe Cards brought me, with them play'd I,
Dear for their Acquaintance paid I.
'Fore a *Juſtice* they appeared,
Them he praiſed, me he jeered.

Thence to *Ware*, where mazy *Amwel*
Mildly cuts the Southern Chanel:
Rivers ſtreaming, Banks reſounding,
Middleton with Wealth abounding:
Mightily did theſe delight me;
" O, I wiſh'd them *Aqua vitæ!*

Thence to *Wademill*, where I reſt me
For a Pot, for I was thirſty;
On me cry'd they, and did hout me,
And like Beetles flock'd about me:
" Buy a Whip, Sir! no, a Ladle:
" Where's your Horſe, Sir? where your Saddle?

Veni Puckridge, *eo ventum*
Mendicantes fere centum
Me præcingunt; dixi verum,
" Quod pauperior illis eram;
Quo reſponſo, mente una
Me relinquunt cum fortuna.

Veni Buntingford, *ad ſenilem*
Hoſpitem, & juvenilem
Conjugem, quæ ſcit affari
Placide, lepide oſculari;
Area florida, frutice ſuavis,
Ubi minurizat avis.

Veni Royſton, *ibi ſeges,*
Prata, ſata, niveæ greges,
Ubi pedes pii Regis;
Hinc evolvens † Fati *leges,*
Mihi dixi: Quid te pejus,
Iſta legens, malè deges?

Veni

† Paſcua, prata, canes, viridaria, flumina, ſaltus,
Otia regis erant, rege ſed iſta ruent.

Thence at *Puckridge* I repoſed,
Hundred Beggars me incloſed:
" Beggars, quoth I, you are many,
" But the pooreſt of you am I;
They no more did me importune,
Leaving me unto my Fortune.

Thence to *Buntingford* right truſty,
Bed-rid Hoſt, but Hoſteſs luſty;
That can chat and chirp it neatly,
And in ſecret kiſs you ſweetly;
Here are Arbours deck'd gaily,
Where the *Buntin* warbles daily.

Thence to *Royſton*, there Graſs groweth,
Medes, Flocks, Fields, the Plowman ſoweth:
Where a pious Prince frequented,
Which obſerving, this I vented:
" Since all Fleſh to † Fate's a Debtor,
" Reſtleſs Wretch, why liv'ſt no better?

† Fields, Floods, Waſts, Woods, Deer, Dogs, with well-tuned Cry,
Are Sports for Kings, yet Kings with theſe muſt dye.

Veni Caxſton, *paupere tecto,*
Sed pauperiore lecto;
Quidam habent me ſuſpectum,
Eſſe maculis infectum
Peſtis, unde exui veſtem,
Vocans Hoſpitem in teſtem.

Veni Cambridge, *prope* Vitem,
Ubi Muſæ *ſatiant ſitim;*
Sicut Muſcæ circa fimum,
Aut ſcintillæ in Caminum,
Me clauſerunt juxta murum,
Denegantes rediturum.
Media nocte ſiccior eſſem
Ac ſi nunquam ebibiſſem,
Sed pudore parum motus,
Hinc diſceſſi ſemi-potus:
Luci, loci paludoſi,
Sed Scholares *ſpecioſi.*

Veni * Godmancheſter, *ubi*
Ut Ixion *captus nube,*

Sic

* Quercus anilis erat, tamen eminus oppida ſpectat,
Stirpe viam monſtrat, plumea fronde tegit.

Thence to *Caxſton*, I was led in
To a poor Houſe, poorer bedding:
Some there were had me ſuſpected,
That with Plague I was infected;
So as I ſtark-naked drew me,
Calling th' Hoſteſs ſtrait to view me.

Thence to *Cambridge*, where the *Muſes*
Haunt the *Vine-buſh*, as their Uſe is,
Like ſparks up a Chimney warming,
Or Flies near a Dunghill ſwarming:
In a Ring they did incloſe me,
Vowing they would never loſe me.
'Bout Midnight for drink I call, Sir,
As I had drank nought at all, Sir:
But all this did little ſhame me,
Tipſy went I, tipſy came I:
Grounds, Greens, Groves, are wet and homely,
But the Scholars wondrous comely.

Thence to * *Godmancheſter*, by one,
With a Cloud as was *Ixion*,

Was

* An aged Oak takes of this Town ſurvey;
Finds Birds their Neſts, tells Paſſengers their Way.

Sic eluſus à puella,
Cujus labra erant mella,
Lectum ſe adire vellet,
Spondet, ſponſum ſed fefellit.

Veni Huntington, *ubi cella*
Facto pacto cum puella,
Hoſpes me ſuſpectum habens,
Et in cellam tacite labens;
Quo audito, vertens rotam,
Pinxi memet perægrotum.

Veni Harrington, *bonum omen!*
Vere amans illud nomen,
Harringtoni *dedi* nummum,
Et fortunæ penè ſummum,
Indigenti poſtulanti,
Benedictionem danti.

Veni Stonegatehole *nefandum*
Ubi contigit memorandum.
Quidam Servus Atturnati
Vultu pellicis delicatæ

Cap-

Was I gull'd; ſhe had no Fellow,
Her ſoft Lips were moiſt and mellow:
All Night vow'd ſhe to lie by me,
But the Giglet came not nigh me.

Thence to *Huntington*, in a Cellar
With a Wench, was there a Dweller,
I did bargain, but ſuſpected
By the Hoſt, who her affected;
Down the Stairs he hurry'd quickly,
While I made me too too ſickly.

Thence to *Harrington*, be it ſpoken!
For Name-ſake I gave a Token
To a Beggar that did crave it,
And as cheerfully receive it;
More he need not me importune,
For 'twas th' utmoſt of my Fortune.

Thence to *Stonegatehole*, I'll tell here
Of a Story that befel there;
One who ſerved an Attorney,
Ta'en with Beauty in his Journey;

Seeing

Captus, intrat nemus mere
Ut coiret muliere.
Mox è dumo latro repit,
Improviſum eum cepit,
Manticam vertit, mœchum vicit,
Et poſt Herum nudum miſit:
Manibus vinctis Sellæ locat,
Hinnit Equus, Servus vocat.
Cogitemus Attornatum
Suſpicantem hunc armatum,
Properantem deprædari,
Uti ſtrenuè calcari:
Currit Herus, metu teſte,
Currit Servus ſine veſte.

Pſallens * Sautry, *tumulum veni,*
Sacerdotis locum pœnæ,
Ubi Rainsford *jus feciſſet,*
Et Paſtorem *condidiſſet:*

Vidi,

---

* Urna Sacellani viventis Imago ſepulti,
Quique aliis renuit buſta, ſepultus erat.

Egregium illud Sautry Sacrarium Sacerdotis avari retinuit memoriam.

Seeing a Coppice, haſtens thither,
Purpoſely to wanton with her.
As theſe privately conferred,
A Rover took him unprepared;
Search'd his Portmantua, bound him faſter,
And ſent him naked to his Maſter:
Set on's Saddle with Hands ty'd,
Th' Horſe he neyed, Man he cry'd.
Th' Attorny when he had diſcerned
One, he thought, behind him, armed
In *white Armour*, ſtoutly ſtir'd him,
For his Jade, he keenly ſpur'd him:
Both run one Courſe to catch a Gudgeon,
This nak'd, that frighted to his Lodging.

Singing along down * *Sautry* laning,
I ſaw a Tomb one had been lain in;
And enquiring, one did tell it,
'Twas where *Rainsford* bury'd th' *Prelate:*
I ſaw,

---

* Here of the Whip a covetous Prieſt did lick:
Who would not bury th' Dead, was bury'd quick.

Nothing more memorable than that Chapel of *Sautry*, retaining ſtill with her that covetous Prieſt's Memory.

Vidi, ridi, & avari
Rogo rogos ſic tractari.

Veni ad Collegium purum,
Cujus habent multi curam;
Perhumanos narrant mores
Patres, Fratres & Sorores:
Unum tenent, una tendunt,
Omnes omnia Sacris *vendunt.*
An ſint iſti corde puro,
Parum ſcio, minus curo;
Si ſint, non ſunt Hypocritæ
Orbe melioris vitæ:
Cellam, Scholam & Sacellum
Pulchra vidi ſupra Stellam.

Veni Stilton, *lento more,*
Sine fronde, ſine flore,
Sine prunis, ſine pomis,
Uti ſenex ſine comis,
Calva tellus, ſed benignum
Monſtrat viatori ſignum.

I ſaw, I ſmil'd, and could permit it,
Greedy Prieſts might ſo be fitted.

To th' *Newfounded College* came I,
Commended to the Care of many;
Bounteous are they, kind and loving,
Doing whatſoe'er's behoving:
Theſe hold and walk together wholly,
And ſtate their Lands on Uſes holy.
Whether Pure theſe are, or are not,
As I know not, ſo I care not;
But if they be diſſembling Brothers,
Their Life ſurpaſſeth many others:
See but their Cell, School, and their Temple,
You'll ſay the Stars were their Example.

Thence to *Stilton*, ſlowly paced,
With no Bloom nor Bloſſom graced;
With no Plumbs nor Apples ſtored,
But Bald like an old Man's Forehead;
Yet with Inns ſo well provided,
Gueſts are pleas'd when they have try'd it.

Thence

Veni Wansforth-brigs, *immanem*
Vidi amnem, alnum, anum;
Amnem latum, anum lautam,
Comptam, cultam, caſtam, cautam;
Portas, Hortos ſpecioſos,
Portus, ſaltus ſpatioſos.

Sed ſcribentem digitum Dei
Spectans Miſerere mei,
Atriis, angulis, confeſtim
Evitandi cura peſtem,
Fugi, mori licet natus,
Nondum mori ſum paratus.

Inde prato per-amœni
Dormiens temulente fœno,
Rivus ſurgit & me capit,
Et in flumen alte rapit;
Quorſum? *clamant*; Nuper erro
A Wansforth-brigs in Anglo-terra.

Veni

Thence to *Wansforth-brigs*, a River
And a Wife will live for ever:
River broad, an old Wife jolly;
Comely, ſeemly, free from Folly:
Gates and Gardens neatly gracious,
Ports, and Parks, and Paſtures ſpacious.

Seeing there, as did become me,
Written, LORD, HAVE MERCY ON ME;
On the Portals, I departed,
Leſt I ſhould have ſorer ſmarted:
Tho' from Death none may be ſpared,
I to die was ſcarce prepared.

On a Hay-cock ſleeping ſoundly,
Th' River roſe and took me roundly
Down the Current: People cry'd,
Sleeping down the Stream I hy'd:
Where away, quoth they, *from Greenland?*
No; from Wansforth-brigs in England.

Veni * Burleigh, *licet Bruma,*
Sunt fornaces ſine fumo,
Promptuaria ſine promo,
Clara porta, clauſa domo;
† *O Camini ſine foco,*
Et Culinæ ſine Coquo!
Clamans, domum ô inanem!
Reſonabat ‖ Echo, famem;
Quinam habitant intra muros?
Reſpirabat Echo, mures;
Ditis omen, nomen habe;
Echo reſpondebat, Abi.

Veni * Stamford, *ubi bene*
Omnis generis crumenæ
Sunt venales, ſed in ſummo
Sunt crumenæ ſine nummo:

Plures

---

* Iſta domus fit Daſypodis dumus.

† ——Hederæque trophæa camini. *Statius.*

‖ ——Cuſtos Domus Echo relictæ.

* Quo Schola? quo Præſes? Comites? Academica ſedes?
In loculos literas tranſpoſuere ſuas.

Thence to * *Burleigh*, though 'twas Winter,
No Fire did the Chimney enter,
Buttries without Butlers guarded,
Stately Gates were double-warded;
Hoary † Chimneys without Smoak too,
Hungry Kitchins without Cook too.
Hallowing aloud, O empty Wonder!
‖ *Echo* ſtrait reſounded, *hunger.*
Who inhabits this vaſt Brick-houſe?
Echo made Reply, the *Titmouſe:*
Ominous Cell, no Drudge at home, Sir!
Echo anſwer made, *Be gone, Sir.*

Thence to ancient * *Stamford* came I,
Where are penceleſs Purſes many;
Neatly wrought as doth become them,
Leſs Gold in them than is on them:

* This Houſe is the Levarets Buſh.

† Ivy the Chimneys Trophy.

‖ *Echo*'s the Keeper of a forlorn Houſe.

* Where be thy Maſters? Fellows? Scholars? Burſers?
O *Stamford*! to thy Shame, they're all turn'd Purſers.

Plures non in me reptantes,
Quam ſunt ibi mendicantes.

Licet curæ premant charæ,
Veni in * Foramen Saræ;
Proca ſemel ſucci plena,
Lauta, læta & ſerena,
At venuſta fit vetuſta,
Mundo gravis & onuſta.
Saræ antrum *ut intraſſem,*
Et ampullas * *gurgitaſſem,* * exiccaſſem
In amore Sara *certo,*
Ore baſia dat aperto;
Sæpe ſedet, quando ſurgit
Cyathum propinare urget.

Veni Witham, *audiens illam*
Propter lubricam anguillam
Vere claram, nixus ramo
Cœpi expiſcari hamo;

Et

* Sileni Antrum, eo enim nomine egregie notum.

Clawbacks more do not aſſail me,
Than are Beggars ſwarming daily.

Tho' my Cares were main and many,
To the * *Hole of Sarah* came I,
Once a *Bona-roba*, truſt me,
Tho' now Buttock-ſhrank and ruſty;
But though Nervy-oyl and fat-a,
Her I caught by you know what-a.
Having boldly thus adventur'd,
And my *Sara*'s Socket enter'd;
Her I ſued, ſuted, ſorted,
Buſſed, bouſed, ſneeſed, ſnorted:
Often ſat ſhe, when ſhe got up,
All her Phraſe was, "Drink thy Pot up.

Thence to *Witham*, having read there,
That the fatteſt Eel was bred there;
Purpoſing ſome to entangle,
Forth I went and took mine Angle;

* The Drunkard's Cave, for ſo it may be call'd,
Where many Malt-worms have been ſoundly mall'd.

Et ingentem capiens unam,
Præceps trahor in * *lacunam.*

Veni † Grantham *mihi gratam,*
Inclyte Pyramidatam,
Ibi Paſtor cum Uxore
Coeundi utens more,
De cubiculo deſcendit,
Quia Papa *ibi pendet.*
Oppidani timent clari
Paulo *Spiram aſportari,*
Sciſſitantes (valde mirum)
Ubi præparent papyrum,
Qua † *maturius implicetur,* † Structura.
Ne portando † *læderetur.* † Penetretur.

Veni

---

* Littora Mæandri ſunt anxia limina Lethî,
Fluctus ubi curæ, ripa memento morî.

† Hinc canimus mirum! non protulit Inſula Spiram,
Talem nec notam vidimus orbe Cotem.

Where an huge one having hooked,
* By her headlong was I dooked.

Thence to † *Grantham* I retiring,
Famous for a Spire aſpiring,
There a Paſtor with his Sweeting
In a Chamber cloſely meeting,
In great Fury out he flung there,
'Cauſe a *Popiſh* Picture hung there.
Here the Townſmen are amated,
That their Spire ſhould be tranſlated
Unto *Pauls*; and great's their Labour,
How to purchaſe ſo much Paper
To enwrap it, as is fitting,
To ſecure their Spire from ſplitting.

---

* *Mæander*'s Shores to *Lethe*'s Shadows tend;
Where Waves, ſound Cares, and Banks imply our end.

† I may compare this Town, and be no Lyer,
With any Shire for Whetſtones and a Spire.

Veni * New-wark, *ubi vivos*
Sperans merſos eſſe rivis,
Irrui cellam ſubamœnam,
Generoſis vinis plenam,
Donec Lictor *intrans cellam,*
Me conduxit ad flagellum.

Veni Tuxworth *ſitam luto,*
Ubi viatores (puto)
Viam viſcum eſſe credunt,
Sedes Syrtes ubi ſedent;
Thyrſus pendet, diu pendit,
Bonum Vinum raro vendit.

Veni Retford, *Piſces edi,*
Et adagio locum dedi,

Cæpi

---

* Ulmus arenoſis pulcherrima naſcitur oris,
Arces & effuſis veſtit amœna comis.

Hic Campi virides, quos Trentia flumina rivis
Fœcundare ſolent, ubera veris habent.

Hic porrectiore tractu diſtenditur Bevaria vallis.
Valles trinæ & opimæ
Dapes Inſulæ divinæ.

Thence to * *New-wark*, Flood-ſurrounded,
Where I hoping moſt were drowned:
Hand to Hand I ſtraitways ſhored
To a Cellar richly ſtored:
Till ſuſpected for a Pick-lock,
Th' *Beadle* led me to the Whip-ſtock.

Thence to *Tuxworth*, in the Clay there,
Where poor Travellers find ſuch Way there:
Ways like Bird-lime ſeem to ſhew them,
Seats are Syrts to ſuch as know them;
Th' Ivy hangs there, long has't hung there,
Wine it never vended ſtrong there.

Thence to *Retford*, Fiſh I fed on,
And to th' Adage I had red on;

With

---

* A Sandy Plat a Shady Elm receives,
Which cloaths thoſe Turrets with her ſhaken Leaves.

Here all along lies *Bever*'s ſpacious Vale,
Near which the Streams of fruitful *Trent* do fall.
Vallies three ſo fruitful be,
They're the Wealth of Britainy.

Cœpi ſtatim propinare,
Ut piſciculi natare
Diſcant meo corpore vivo,
Sicuti natarunt rivo.

Veni Scrubie, *Deus bone!*
Cum Paſtore & Latrone
Egi diem, fregi noctem,
Latro me feciſſet doctum:
Ei nollem aſſidere,
Ne propinquior eſſet peræ.

Veni Bautree, *angiportam,*
In dumetis vidi Scortam,
Geſtu levem, lumine vivam,
Vultu lætam & laſcivam;
Sed inflixi carni pœnam,
Timens miſere crumenam.

Veni * Doncaſter, *ſed* Levitam
Audiens finiiſſe vitam,

Spre-

* Major Cauſidico quo gratior eſſet amico,
In comitem lento tramite jungit equo:
Cauſidicus renuit, renuente, Patibula, dixit,
Commonſtrabo tibi; *Cauſ.* Tuque moreris ibi.

With Carouſes I did trim me,
That my Fiſh might ſwim within me;
As they had done being living,
And i'th' River nimbly diving.

Thence to *Scrubie*, O my Maker!
With a *Paſtor* and a *Taker*
Day I ſpent, I Night divided,
Thief did make me well provided:
My poor Scrip caus'd me to fear him,
All Night long I came not near him.

Thence to *Bautree*, as I came there,
From the Buſhes near the Lane, there
Ruſh'd a Tweak in Geſture flanting,
With a leering Eye, and wanton:
But my Fleſh I did ſubdue it,
Fearing leſt my Purſe ſhould rue it.

Thence to * *Doncaſter*, where reported
Lively *Levite* was departed:

Love

* That Courteſy might a Courteſy enforce,
The May'r would bring the Lawyer to his Horſe:
" You ſhall not, quoth the Lawyer. M. Now I ſwear,
" I'll to the Gallows go. L. I'll leave you there:
Might not this May'r for Wit a ſecond Pale-As,
Have nam'd the Town-end full as well as Gallows?

Sprevi Venerem, *ſprevi Vinum,*
Perdite quæ dilexi primum:
Nam cum Venus *inſeneſcit,*
In me carnis vim compeſcit.
Neſcit ſitis artem modi,
Puteum Roberti Hoodi
Veni, & liquente vena
*Vincto * catino catena,*
Tollens ſitim, parcum odi,
Solvens obolum Cuſtodi.

Veni † Wentbridge, *ubi plagæ*
Terræ, maris, vivunt ſagæ,
Vultu torto & anili,
Et conditione vili:
His infernæ manent ſedes,
Quæ cum inferis ineunt fœdus.

Veni

---

* Viventes venæ, Spinæ, catinuſq; catenæ,
Sunt *Robin Hoodi* nota trophæa ſui.

† Rupe cavedia ſtruxit inedia,
Queis oſcitanter latuit accedia.

Love I loath'd, and ſpritely Wine too,
Which I dearly lov'd ſome time too;
For when youthful *Venus* ageth,
She my fleſhly force aſſwageth.
Thirſt knows neither Mean nor Meaſure,
Robin Hood's Well was my Treaſure;
In a common * Diſh enchained,
I my furious Thirſt reſtrained:
And becauſe I drank the deeper,
I paid two Farthings to the Keeper.

Thence to † *Wentbrig*, where vile Wretches,
Hideous Hags and odious Witches;
Writhen Count'nance, and misſhapen,
Are by ſome foul *Bug-Bear* taken:
Theſe infernal Seats inherit,
Who contract with ſuch a Spirit.

Thence

---

* A Well, Thorn, Diſh, hung in an Iron Chain,
For Monuments of *Robin Hood* remain.

† In a Rock Want built her Booth,
Where no Creature dwells but Sloth.

Veni Ferrybrig, *vietus,*
Pede laſſus, mente lætus,
Ut guſtaſſem uvam Vini,
Fructum ſalubrem acini:
Sævior factus ſum quam Aper,
Licet Vini lenis ſapor.

Veni * Pomfret, *ubi miram*
Arcem, † Anglis *regibus diram;*
Laſeris || *ortu celebrandam,*
Variis geſtis memorandam:
Nec in Pomfret *Repens certior,*
Quam pauperculus inertior.

Veni Sherburn, *ad amandum,*
Et aciculis ſpectandum;

Paſtor

---

* Hic repetunt ortum triſtiſſima funera Regum,
Quæ lachrymas oculis excutiere meis.

† Regibus Anglorum dedit arx tua dira ruinam,
Hoc titulo fatum cerne S : : : : tuum.

|| Latius in rupem Laſer eſt ſita dulcis arentem,
Veſte nova Veris floribus aucta novis.

Thence to *Ferrybrig*, ſore wearied,
Surfoot, but in Spirit cheered:
I the Grape no ſooner taſted,
But my Melancholy waſted:
Never was wild Boar more felliſh,
Though the Wine did ſmally reliſh.

Thence to * *Pomfret*, as long ſince is,
Fatal to our † *Engliſh* Princes;
For the choiceſt ‖ *Liquorice* crowned,
And for ſundry Acts renowned:
A *Louſe* in *Pomfret* is not ſurer,
Than the Poor thro' Sloth ſecurer.

Thence to *Sherburn*, dearly loved,
And for Pinners well approved:

Cherry-

---

* The Tragick State of *Engliſh* Kings ſtood here,
Which to their Urns pays Tribute with a Tear.

† Here ſtood that fatal Theatre of Kings,
Which for Revenge mounts up with airy Wings.

‖ Here *Liquorice* grows upon their mellow'd Banks,
Decking the Spring with her delicious Plants.

Paſtor decimas ceraſorum
Quærit plus quam animorum:
Certe neſcio utrum mores,
An fortunæ meliores.

Veni Bramham, *eo ventus,*
Vidi Pedites currentes;
Quidam auribus ſuſurrat,
" *Crede* Fauſtule, *hic præcurret,*
" *Nam probantur: Qui narratur*
Pejor, melior auſpicatur.

Veni Tadcaſter, *ubi pontem*
Sine flumine, prælucentem,
Plateas fractas, & aſtantes
Omni loco mendicantes
Spectans, illinc divagarer,
Ne cum illis numerarer.

Veni Eboracum, *flore*
Juventutis cum Textore
Fruens, conjux ſtatim venit,
" *Lupum vero auribus tenet;*
Ille clamat aperire,
Ille negat exaudire.

Sic

Cherry Tenths the Paſtor aimeth,
More than th' Souls which he reclaimeth:
In an Equipage conſorting,
Are their Manners and their Fortune.

Thence to *Bramham*, thither coming,
I ſaw two Footmen ſtript for running:
One ſaid, "the Match was made to cheat 'em;
"Truſt me, *Fauſtulus*, *This* will beat 'em;
"For we've try'd 'em; but that Courſer
He priz'd better, prov'd the worſer.

Thence to *Tadcaſter*, where ſtood reared
A fair Bridge; no Flood appeared:
Broken Pavements, Beggars waiting,
Nothing more than Labour hating;
But with Speed I haſtned from them,
Leſt I ſhould be thought one of them.

Thence to *York*, freſh Youth enjoying,
With a wanton *Weaver* toying:
Husband ſuddenly appears too,
"Catching of the *Wolf* by th' Ears too:
He cries, *Open, ſomething fears him*;
But th' deaf *Adder* never hears him.

Sic ingreſſus mihi datur,
Cum Textori *denegatur;*
Qui dum voce importunè
Strepit, matulam urinæ
Sentit; ſapienter tacet,
Dum Betricia *mecum jacet.*

Ibi Tibicen apprehenſus,
Judicatus & ſuſpenſus,
Plauſtro cöaptato furi,
Ubi Tibia, *clamant pueri?*
Nunquam ludes amplius Billie;
At neſcitis, *inquit ille.*
Quod contigerit memet teſte,
Nam abſciſſa jugulo reſte,
Ut in foſſam Furcifer vexit,
Semi-mortuus reſurrexit:
Arce reducem occludit,
Ubi valet, vivit, ludit.

Veni Towlerton, *Stadiodromi*
Retinentes ſpem coronæ,
Ducunt equos ea die
Juxta tramitem notæ viæ;

Sequens

Thus my Entrance was deſcried,
While the *Weaver* was denied;
Who as he fumed, fret, and frowned,
With a Chamber-pot was crowned:
Wiſely ſilent, he ne'er grudged
That his *Betty* with me lodged.

A Piper being here committed,
Guilty found, condemn'd and titted:
As he was to *Knaveſmyre* going,
This Day, quoth Boys, *will ſpoil thy Blowing;*
From thy Pipe th'art now departing;
Wags, quoth th' Piper, *you're not certain.*
All which happen'd to our Wonder,
For the Halter cut aſunder,
As one of all Life deprived,
Being bury'd, he revived:
And there lives, and plays his Meaſure,
Holding hanging but a Pleaſure.

Thence to *Towlerton*, where thoſe Stagers
Or Horſe-courſers run for Wagers:
Near to the Highway the Courſe is,
Where they ride and run their Horſes;

Sequens autem ſolitam venam,
Sprevi primum & poſtremum.

Veni Helperby *deſolatum,*
Igne nuper concrematum,
Ne taberna ſit intacta,
Non in cineres redacta;
Quo diſceſſi ocyor Euro,
Reſtinguendi ſitim cura.

Veni * Topcliff, *muſicam vocans,*
Et decoro ordine locans,
Ut expectant hi mercedem,
Tacitè ſubtraxi pedem;
Parum habui quod expendam,
Linquens eos ad ſolvendum.

Veni

---

* Labentes rivi reſonant ſub vertice clivi,
Quæ titulum villæ primo dedere tuæ.

Alias,

Infra ſitum Rivi ſaliunt ſub acumine clivi,
Quo ſedes civi ſplendida, nulla nivi.

But ſtill on our Journey went we,
Firſt or *Laſt* did 'like content me.

Thence to *Helperby* I turned,
Deſolate and lately burned:
Not a Taphouſe there but mourned,
Being all to Aſhes turned;
Whence I ſwiftly did remove me,
For Thirſt-ſake, as did behove me.

Thence to * *Topcliff*, Muſick call'd I,
In no comely Poſture fail'd I;
But when theſe expected Wages,
To themſelves I left my Pages;
Small being th' Court'ſy I could ſhew them,
Th' Reck'ning I commended to them.

* *Topcliff* from tops of Cliffs firſt took her Name,
And her Cliff-mounted Seat confirms the ſame:
Where Streams with curled Windings overflown,
Beſtow a Native Beauty on the Town.

Veni * Thyrske, Thyrſis *hortum,*
Ubi Phyllis *floribus ſportam*
Inſtruit, at nihil horum
Nec paſtorem, neque florem
Ego curo, Bacchum *ſpecto*
Horto, campo, foro, tecto.

Veni Alerton, *ubi oves,*
Tauri, vaccæ, vituli, boves,
Aliaque Campi pecora
Oppidana erant decora:
Forum fuit jumentorum,
Mihi autem cella forum.

Veni, Smeton, *perexoſum*
Collem *quem* pediculoſum
Vulgo vocant, tamen mirè
Mœchæ ſolent laſcivire,

Ad

* Thyrſis oves paſcens per apricæ paſcua vallis,
Prima dedit Thyrſco nomina nota ſuo.

Sycamori gelidis Tityrus umbris
Diſcumbens, Phyllidi Sertà paravit,
Et niveas greges gramine pavit.

Thence to * *Thyrske*, rich *Thyrſis* Casket,
Where fair *Phyllis* fills her Basket
With choice Flowers, but theſe be vain things,
I eſteem no Flowers nor Swainlings;
In *Bacchus* Yard, Field, Booth, or Cottage,
I love nought like his cold Pottage.

Thence to *Alerton*, rank'd in Battel,
Sheep, Kine, Oxen, other Cattel;
As I fortun'd to paſs by there,
Were the Towns beſt beautifier:
Fair for Beaſts at that time fell there,
But I made my Fare the Cellar.

Thence to *Smeton*, I aſſailed,
Louſy Hill, for ſo they call it;
Where were dainty Ducks, and jant ones,
Wenches that could play the wantons;

* Here *Thyrſis* fed his Lambkins on the Plain,
So *Thyrske* from *Thyrſis* took her ancient Name.
Here *Tityrus* and *Phyllis* made them Bowers
Of tender Oſiers, ſweet-breath'd Sycamours.

Ad alendum debilem ſtatum,
Aut tegendam nuditatem.

Veni * Neſham, Dei donum,
In Cœnobiarchæ domum;
Uberem vallem, ſalubrem venam,
Curſu fluminis amœnam,
Lætam ſylvis & frondoſam,
Heræ *vultu ſpecioſam.*

Veni Darlington, *prope vicum*
Conjugem duxi peramicam;
Nuptiis celebrantur feſta,
Nulla admittuntur mœſta;
Pocula noctis dant progreſſum,
Ac ſi nondum nuptus eſſem.

Veni † Richmond, *ſed amicos*
Generoſos & antiquos,

Nobi-

---

* Littora lentiſcis, gemmarunt germina gemmis,
Murenulis conchæ, muricibuſque comæ.

† Nomen habes Mundi, nec erit ſine jure, ſecundi,
Namque ſitus titulum comprobat ipſe tuum.

Which they practice, truth I'll tell ye,
For Relief of Back and Belly.

Thence to * *Neſham*, now tranſlated,
Once a *Nunnery* dedicated:
Vallies ſmiling, Bottoms pleaſing,
Streaming Rivers never ceaſing;
Deck'd with tufty Woods, and Shady,
Graced by a lovely Lady.

Thence to *Darlington*, there I bouſed
Till at laſt I was eſpouſed:
Marriage Feaſt and all prepared,
Not a Fig for th' World I cared;
All Night long by th' Pot I tarry'd,
As if I had ne'er been marry'd.

Thence to † *Richmond*, heavy Sentence!
There were none of my Acquaintance:

All

---

* Where Shores yield Lentisks, Branches pearled Gems,
Their Lamprels Shells, their Rocks ſoft moſſy Stems.

† From a *Rich Mound* thy Appellation came,
And thy rich Seat proves it a proper Name.

Nobiles ſocios, ſortiũ miræ,
Cum nequiſſem invenire,
Sepelire curas ibi,
Tota nocte mecum bibi,

Pœna ſequi ſolet culpam,
Veni Redmeere *ad* Subulcum,
Ilia menſæ fert porcina,
Priſca nimũ inteſtina,
Quæ ni calices abluiſſent,
Adhuc gurgite inhæſiſſent.

Veni Carperbie *peravarum,*
Cœtu frequens, victu carum;
Septem Solidorum cœna
Reddit levior crumena:
Nummo citiũ haurierũ,
Quam liquore ebrierũ.

Veni Wenchly, *valle ſitum,*
Priſca vetuſtate tritum,
Amat tamen propinare
Paſtor cum agnellũ chare,

Quo

All my noble Comrades gone were,
Of them all I found not one there;
But leſt Care ſhould make me ſicker,
I did bury Care in Liquor.

Penance chac'd that Crime of mine hard,
Thence to *Redmeer*, to a *Swine-herd*
Came I, where they nothing plaſt me,
But a Swine's Gut that was naſty;
Had I not then waſh'd my Liver,
In my Guts 't had ſtuck for ever.

Thence to *Carperby*, very greedy,
Conſorts frequent, Victuals needy;
After Supper they ſo toſt me,
As ſeven Shillings there it coſt me:
Soon may one of Coin be ſoaked,
Yet for want of Liquor choaked.

Thence to *Wenchly*, Valley-ſeated,
For Antiquity repeated:
Sheep and Shepherd as one Brother,
Kindly drink to one another;

Till

Quo effaſcinati more,
Dormiunt Agni cum Paſtore.

Veni Middlam, *ubi arcem*
Vidi, & bibentes ſparſim
Bonos ſocios, quibus junxi,
Et liquorem libere ſumpſi;
Æneis *licet tincti* naſis,
Fuimus cuſtodes pacis.

Veni * Ayſcarth, *vertice montis,*
Valles, & amœnos fontes,
Niveas greges, ſcopulos rudes,
Campos, ſcirpos, & paludes
Vidi, locum vocant Templum,
Speculantibus exemplum.

Veni Worton, *ſericâ cincta*
Sponſa Ducis, ore tincta,
Me ad cœnam blande movet,
Licet me non unquam novit;

Veni

* Gurgite præcipiti ſub vertice montis acuti
Specus erat ſpinis obſitus, intus aquis.

Till Pot-hardy light as Feather,
Sheep and Shepherd ſleep together.

Thence to *Middlam*, where I viewed
Th' Caſtle, which ſo ſtately ſhewed;
Down the Stairs, 'tis Truth I tell ye,
To a Knot of Brave Boys fell I:
All *Red Noſes*, no Die deeper,
Yet none but a Peace-keeper.

Thence to * *Ayſcarth*, from a Mountain,
Fruitful Vallies, pleaſant Fountain;
Woolly Flocks, Cliffs ſteep and ſnowy,
Fields, Fenns, ſedgy Ruſhes ſaw I;
Which high Mount is call'd the *Temple*,
For all Proſpects an Exemple.

Thence to *Worton*, being lighted
I was ſolemnly invited
By a Captain's Wife moſt yewly,
Though, I think, ſhe never knew me:
I came,

* Here breaths an Arched Cave of antick Stature,
Cloſed above with Thorns, below with Water.

Veni, vidi, visi, lusi,
" Cornu-copiam optans Duci.

Veni Bainbrig, *ubi palam*
Flumen deserit canalem,
Spectans, uti properarem
Ad Joannem Ancillarem,
Hospitem habui (verè mirum)
Neque fœminam, neque virum.

Veni * Askrig, *notum Forum,*
Valde tamen indecorum,
Nullum habet Magistratum,
Oppidanum ferre statum:
Hic pauperrimi textores
Peragrestes tenent mores.

Veni † Hardraw, *ubi fames,*
Cautes frugis perinanes;

Nun-

* Clauditur amniculus saliens fornicibus arctis,
Alluit & villæ mœnia juncta suæ.

† Labitur alveolis resonantibus amnis amœnus,
Qui tremula mulcet voce, sopore fovet.

I came, call'd, cull'd, toy'd, trifled, kiſſed.
" Captain Cornu-cap'd I wiſhed.

Thence to *Bainbrig*, where the River
From his Chanel ſeems to ſever:
To *Maidenly John* I forthwith haſted,
And his beſt Proviſion taſted:
Th' Hoſt I had (a thing not common)
Seemed neither Man nor Woman.

Thence to * *Askrig*, Market noted,
But no Handſomeneſs about it;
Neither Magiſtrate nor Mayor
Ever were elected there:
Here poor People live by Knitting,
To their Trading, breeding ſitting.

Thence to † *Hardraw*, where's hard Hunger,
Barren Cliffs and Clints of Wonder;
Never

* A Channel ſtrait confines a Chryſtal Spring,
Waſhing the Walls o'th' Village Neighbouring.

† A ſhallow Rill, whoſe Streams their Current keep,
With murm'ring Voice and Pace procure ſweet Sleep.

Nunquam vixit hic Adonis,
Ni ſub thalamo Carbonis:
Diverſoria ſunt obſcœna,
Fimo fœda, fumo plena.

Veni Gaſtile, *ubi cellam,*
Cellam ſitam ad Sacellum
Intrans, bibi Stingo *fortem,*
Habens Lanium in conſortem,
Et * *Paſtorem parvæ gregis,*
Rudem moris, artis, legis.

Veni † Sedbergh, *ſedem quondam*
Lautam, lætam, & jocundam,
Sed mutatur mundus totus,
"Vix in anno unus potus:
Ibi propriæ prope tari
Non audebam Vulpinari.

Veni

---

* Quota eſt hora, refert? Solem ſpeculando reſpondet,
Ecce Sacerdotes quos tua terra parit!

† Proſpicies Thyrſum ſinuoſius arte rotundum,
Organa quo cerebri merſa fuere mei.

Never here *Adonis* lived,
Unleſs in *Cole*'s Harbour hived:
Inns are naſty, duſty, fuſty,
Both with Smoke and Rubbiſh muſty.

Thence to *Gaſtile*, I was drawn in
To an *Alehouſe*, near adjoining
To a Chapel; I drank *Stingo*,
With a Butcher, and Domingo
Th' * Curate, who to my diſcerning,
Was not Guilty of much Learning.

Thence to † *Sedbergh*, ſometimes Joy-all,
Gameſome, Gladſome, richly Royal;
But thoſe jolly Boys are ſunken,
" Now ſcarce once a Year one drunken:
There I durſt not well be merry,
Far from home old Foxes werry.

* I ask'd him, what's a-Clock? He look'd at th' Sun:
But want of Latin made him anſwer —— Mum.

† Here grows a Buſh in artful Mazes round,
Where th' active Organs of my Brain were drown'd.

Veni * Killington, *editum collem,*
Fronde lætiore mollem,
Ibi tamen parum hærens,
Semper altiora ſperans,
Hiſce dixi longum vale,
Solum repetens natale.

Veni Kendall, *ubi ſtatus*
Præſtans, prudens † *Magiſtratus,*
Publicis feſtis purpuratus,
Ab Elizabetha *datus;*
Hic me juvat habitare,
Propinare & amare.

---

* Arboribus gelidam texens Coriarius umbram,
Æſtatem atque Hyemem fronde repelle gravem.

† Nunc Saturnius appulit annus,
Major fiet Aldermannus.

Finis Partis Tertiæ.

Bar-

Thence to * *Killington* I paſſed,
Where an Hill is freely graſſed;
There I ſtaid not, tho' half tired,
Higher ſtill my Thoughts aſpired:
Taking leave of Mountains many,
To my native Country came I.

Thence to *Kendall*, pure her State is,
Prudent too her † Magiſtrate is;
In whoſe Charter to them granted,
Nothing but a Mayor wanted:
Here it likes me to be dwelling,
Bouſing, loving; Stories telling.

* Here the retir'd Tanner builds him Bowers,
Shrouds him from Summers Heat, and Winters Showers.

† Now *Saturn*'s Year has drench'd down Care,
And made an Alderman a May'r.

The End of the Third Part.

Barnabæ Itinerarium.

PARS IV.

Mirtil.

O Fauſtule! *dic quo jure*
Spreta Urbe, vivis rure?
Quo tot lepidos conſortes,
Genio fauſtos, gurgite fortes,
Reliquiſti, ſocios vitæ,
Gravi laborantes ſiti?
Vale dices tot amicis,
Tot Lyæi vini vicis,
Tot Falerni roſcidi cellis,
Tot pelliculis, tot puellis?
Quid te movet, dic ſodali,
Urbi longum dicere vale?

Barnaby's Journal.

PART IV.

Mirtil.

O *Fauſtulus!* takes't no pity
For the Field to leave the City,
Nor thy Conſorts, lively Skinkers,
Witty Wags, and luſty Drinkers;
Lads of Life, who waſh their Livers
And are dry and thirſty ever?
Wilt thou here no longer tarry
With theſe Boys that love Canary?
Wilt thou leave theſe Nectar Trenches,
Dainty Doxes, merry Wenches?
Say, what makes thee change thy Ditty,
Thus to take Farewel o'th' City?

Fauſtul.

Quid me movet? *Nonne cernis*
Me tamdiu in Tabernis
Propinaſſe, donec mille
Clamant, Ecce *Fauſtulus* ille,
Qui per orbem ducens iter,
Titulo *Ebrii* inſignitur!
Qui natali bibit more
Ortu roſeæ ab Auroræ
Uſque veſperam, & pudorem
Vultus, queſtus & odorem
Sprevit! *audi culpæ pœnam*,
Scenam Fauſtuli *extremam*.

Vale Banbury, *vale* Brackley,
Vale Hollow-well, *vale* Hockley,
Vale Daintre, *vale* Leiſter,
Vale Chicheſter, *vale* Cheſter,
Vale Nottingham, *vale* Mansfield,
Vale Wetherby, *vale* Tanfield.

Vale

Fauſtul.

What is't makes me? doſt not note it,
How I have i'th' Tavern floted;
Till a Thouſand ſeek to ſhame me,
There goes Fauſtulus, ſo they name me;
Who thro' all the World has traced,
And with Stile of Maltworm *graced!*
Who carouſeth to his Breeding,
From Aurora's *Beamlins ſpreading*
To th' Evening, and deſpiſeth
Favour, Thrift which each Man prizeth!
Now hear *Fauſtulus*'s Melancholy,
Th' cloſing Scene of all his Folly.

Farewel *Banbury,* farewel *Brackley,*
Farewel *Hollow-well,* farewel *Hockley:*
Farewel *Daintry,* farewel *Leiſter,*
Farewel *Chicheſter,* farewel *Cheſter:*
Farewel *Nottingham,* farewel *Mansfield,*
Farewel *Wetherby,* farewel *Tanfield.*

Vale Aberford, *vale* Bradford,
Vale Toceter, *vale* Stratford,
Vale Preſton, *vale* Euxſton,
Vale Wiggin, *vale* Newton,
Vale Warrington, *vale* Budworth,
Vale Kighley, *vale* Cudworth.

Vale Hogſdon, *vale* Totnam,
Vale Giggleſwick, *vale* Gottam,
Vale Harrington, *vale* Stilton,
Vale Huntington, *vale* Milton,
Vale Royſton, *vale* Puckeridge,
Vale Caxſton, *vale* Cambridge.

Vale Ware, *vale* Wademill,
Vale Highgate, *vale* Gads-hill,
Vale Stamford, *vale* Sautree,
Vale Scrubie, *vale* Bautree,
Vale Caſtrum ſubter Linum,
Ubi Vates, *Venus*, *vinum*.

Vale Tauk-hill, *quem conſpexi*,
Lemnia Lydia, *quam dilexi*,

Arduæ

Farewel *Aberford*, farewel *Bradford*,
Farewel *Toceter*, farewel *Stratford*,
Farewel *Preſton*, farewel *Euxſton*,
Farewel *Wiggin*, farewel *Newton*,
Farewel *Warrington*, farewel *Budworth*,
Farewel *Kighley*, farewel *Cudworth*.

Farewel *Hogſdon*, farewel *Totnam*,
Farewel *Giggleſwick*, farewel *Gottam*,
Farewel *Harrington*, farewel *Stilton*,
Farewel *Huntington*, farewel *Milton*,
Farewel *Royſton*, farewel *Puckridge*,
Farewel *Caxſton*, farewel *Cambridge*.

Farewel *Ware*, farewel *Wademill*,
Farewel *Highgate*, farewel *Gads-hill*,
Farewel *Stamford*, farewel *Sautree*,
Farewel *Scrubie*, farewel *Bautree*,
Farewel *Caſtle Under-line* too,
Where are Poets, Wenches, Wine too.

Farewel *Tauk-hill*, which I viewed,
Lemnian Lydia, whom I ſewed;

Steepy

Arduæ viæ quas tranſivi,
Et amiculæ queis cöivi,
Faber, Taber, ſociæ lætæ,
Et convivæ vos valete.

Nunc longinquos locos odi,
Vale Fons Roberti Hoodi,
Vale Roſington, *vale* Retford,
Et antiqua ſedes Bedford,
Vale Dunchurch, Dunſtable, Brickhill,
Alban, Barnet, Pimlico, Tickhill:

Vale Waltham, & Oſwaldi
Sedes, ſidus Theobaldi,
Vale Godmancheſter, *ubi*
Mens eluſa fuit nube;

Vale

Steepy Ways by which I waded,
And thoſe Trugs with which I traded;
Faber, Taber, Penſive never,
Farewel merry Mates for ever.

Now I hate all Foreign Places,
Robin Hood's Well and his Chaces:
Farewel *Roſington*, farewel *Retford*,
And thou ancient Seat of *Bedford*,
Farewel *Dunchurch*, *Dunſtable*, *Brickhill*,
Alban, *Barnet*, *Pimlico*, *Tickhill*.

Farewel *Waltham*, Seat of *Oſwald*,
That bright Princely Star of *The'bald*:
Farewel *Godmancheſter*, where I
Was deluded by a Fairy:

Fare-

Vale Kingſland, Iſlington, * London,
Quam amavi perdite quondam.

Vale Buntingford, *ubi ſuaves*
Vepres, vites, flores, aves,
Hoſpes grata, & benigna,
Et amoris præbens ſigna;
Alio juvat ſpatiari,
Paſci, pati, recreari.

Vale Stone, & Sacellum
Quod ſplendentem habet Stellam,
Vale Haywood, Bruerton, Ridglay,
Litchfield, Coventry, Coleſhil, Edglay, Me-

---

* —— Iſta novæ mea mœnia Trojæ.

Nunc novæ longum valedico Trojæ,
Læta quæ flori, gravis eſt ſenectæ,
Vina, Picturæ, Veneris facetæ,
Cuncta válete.

Sin vero conjux, famuli, ſorores,
Liberi, ſuaves Laribus lepores
Confluant, mulcent varios labores:
Cuncta venite.

Farewel *Kingſland, Iſlington,* * *London,*
Which I lov'd, and by in London.

Farewel *Blantingford,* where are Thruſhes,
Sweet Briers, ſhred Vines, private Buſhes;
Hoſteſs chearful, mildly moving,
Giving Tokens of her loving;
I muſt in another Nation
Take my fill of Recreation.

Farewel precious *Stone* and *Chapel,*
Where *Stella* ſhines more freſh than th Apple:
Farewel *Haywood, Bruerton, Ridgley,*
Litchfield, Coventry, Coleſhil, Edgway, *Mere-*

---

* —— Theſe be my New *Troy*'s dying Elegies.

Now to that New *Troy* bid adue for ever,
Wine, Venus Pictures, can allure me never,
Theſe are Youth's Darlings, Ages Hoary griever,
Fare ye well ever.

Farewel for ever, ſee you will I never,
Yet if Wife, Children, Money hurry thither,
Where we may plant and ſolace us together,
Welcome for ever.

Meredin, Wakefield, *& amœni*
Campi, chori Georgii Greeni.

Vale Clowne, Doncaſter, Rothram,
Clapham, Ingleton, Waldon, Clothram,
Witham, Grantham, New-work, Tuxworth,
Uxbridge, Beckonsfield, & Oxforth,
Geniis & ingeniis bonis
Satur, opibus Platonis.

Sprevi nunc Textoris *acum,*
Vale, vale Eboracum,
Alio nunc victurus more,
Mutans mores cum * *colore;*
Horreo, proprium colens nidum,
Sacram violare fidem.

Vale

---

* Inceſſit hyems niveis capillis,
Inceſſit hyems gelidis lacertis,
Nec mea curat carmina Phyllis,
Urbe relicta ruſtica vertes.

Conſpicui vates repetendo Cupidinis æſtus,
Spreta canunt lepidis, ut ſenuere, procis.

Meredin, Wakefield, farewel clean-a,
Medes and Mates of *George à Green*-a.

Farewel *Clowne, Doncaſter, Rothram,*
Clapham, Ingleton, Waldron, Clothram,
Witham, Grantham, New-wark, Tuxworth,
Uxbridge, Beckonsfield, and *Oxforth,*
Richly ſtor'd (I am no *Gnatho*)
With Wit, Wealth, Worth, Well of *Plato.*

Farewel *York,* I muſt forſake thee,
Weaver's Shuttle ſhall not take me:
* Hoary Hairs are come upon me,
Youthful Pranks will not become me;
Th' Bed to which I'm reconciled
Shall be by me ne'er defiled.

Fare-

---

* Winter has now behoar'd my Hairs,
Benumb'd my Joints and Sinews too;
Phyllis for Verſes little Cares,
Leave City then, to th' Country go.

Poets, when they have writ of Love their fill,
Grown old, are ſcorn'd, tho' Fancy crown their Quill.

Vale Wentbrig, Towlerton, Sherburn,
Ferry-brig, Tadcaſter, Helperby, Merburn:
Vale Bainbrig, Askrig, Worton,
Hardraw, Wenchley, Smeton, Burton:
Vale Ayſcarth, Carperby, Redmeere,
Gaſtyle, Killington, & Sedbergh.

Armentarius jam ſum factus,
Rure manens incoactus,
Suavis odor lucri tenet,
Parum curo unde venit,
Campo, choro, tecto, thoro,
Caula, cella, ſylva, foro.

Equeſtria Fora.

Veni Malton, *artem laudo,*
Vendens Equum ſine cauda,
Morbidum, mancum, claudum, cecum,
Forte ſi maneret mecum,
Probo, vendo, pretium datur,
Quid ſi ſtatim moriatur.

Ad forenſem Rippon *tendo,*
Equi ſi ſint cari, vendo,

Si

Farewel *Wentbrig*, *Towlerton*, *Sherburn*,
Ferry-brig, *Tadcaſter*, *Helperby*, *Merburn*;
Farewel *Bainbrig*, *Askrig*, *Worton*,
Hardraw, *Wenchley*, *Smeton*, *Burton*;
Farewel *Ayſcarth*, *Carperby*, *Redmeer*,
Gaſtyle, *Killington*, and *Sedbergh*.

I am now become a Drover,
Country Liver, Country Lover;
Smell of Gain my Senſe benumbeth,
Little care I whence it cometh;
Be 't from Camp, Choir, Cottage, Carpet,
Field, Fold, Cellar, Foreſt, Market.

Horſe Fairs.

To *Malton* come I, praiſing th' Sale, Sir,
Of an Horſe without a Tail, Sir;
Be he maim'd, lam'd, blind, diſeaſed,
If I ſell him, I'm well pleaſed;
Should this Kephal die next morrow,
I partake not in the Sorrow.

Then to *Rippon*, I appear there
To ſell Horſes if they're dear there;

Si minore pretio dempti,
Equi à me erunt empti,
" Ut alacrior fiat ille,
" Ilia mordicant anguillæ.

Septentrionalia Fora.

Veni Pomfret, *uberem venam,*
* *Virgis laſerpitiis plenam :*

Veni Topcliff *cum ſodali,*
Non ad Vinum ſed venale :

Veni Thyrsk, *ubi Boves*
Sunt venales pinguiores.

Veni Alerton *lætam, latam,*
Mercatori perquam gratam,
In utiliorem actum,
Eligo locum pecori aptum.

Veni

---

* Virgulta Laſeris florent amœnula,
In hac Angelica latius Inſula.
Vide lib. 3, ſtanz. 48.

If they're cheap, I uſe to buy them,
And i' th' Country profit by them;
" Where to quicken 'em, I'll tell ye,
" I put quick Eels into their Belly.

Northern Fairs.

Thence to *Pomfret*, freſhly flowred,
And with * Rods of Liquorice ſtored:

Thence to *Topcliff* with my Fellow,
Not to bouze Wine, but to ſell-low.

Thence to *Thyrsk*, where Bullocks grazed
Are for Sale i' th' Market placed.

Thence to *Alerton* cheerful, fruitful,
To the Seller very grateful;
There to chuſe a Place I'm chariеſt,
Where my Beaſts may ſhew the faireſt.

* Rods of Liquorice ſweetly ſmile
In that rich Angelick Iſle.
See Book 3. Stanza 48.

Veni Darlington, *ſervans leges*
In cuſtodiendo greges.

Inde Middlam *curſum flecto,*
Spe lucrandi tramite recto,
Nullum renuo laborem,
Quæſtus ſapiens odorem;
" *Nulla via modo vera,*
" *Eſt ad bonos mores ſera.*

Tra-montana Fora.

Hiſce foris nullum bonum
Capiens, Septentrionem
Ocyore peto pede,
Ditiore frui ſede:
Aſperæ cautes, ardui colles,
Lucri gratia mihi molles.

Veni Appleby, *ubi natus,*
Primam ſedem Comitatus.

Illinc Penrith *ſpecioſam,*
Omni merce copioſam.

Illinc

Thence to *Darlington*, never ſwerving
From our Drove, Laws worth obſerving.

Thence to *Middlam* am I aiming
In a direct Courſe of gaining;
I refuſe no kind of Labour,
Where I ſmell ſome gainful ſavour:
" No way, be it ne'er the homelieſt,
" Is rejected, being honeſt.

Tra-montane Fairs.

In theſe Fairs, if I find nothing
Worth the ſtaying, I'm no ſlow thing;
To the *North* frame I my Paſſage,
Wing'd with Hope of more Advantage:
Ragged Rocks, and ſteepy Hillows
Are by Gain more ſoft than Pillows.

Thence to Native *Appleby* mount I,
Th' ancient Seat of all that County.

Thence to Pearleſs *Penrith* went I,
Which of Merchandize hath plenty.

Illinc Roſlay, *ubi tota*
Grex à gente venit Scota.

Hinc per limitem obliquam
Veni Ravinglaſs *antiquam*;
Illinc Dalton *peramœnum*;
Hinc Ouſtonum *fruge plenum*;
Donec Hauxide *ſpecto ſenſim*;
Illinc ſedem Lancaſtrenſem.

Veni Garſtang, *ubi nata*
Sunt armenta fronte latâ.

Hinc ad Ingleſorth *ut deſcendi,*
Pulchri vituli ſunt emendi.

Illinc Burton *Limina peto,*
Grege lautâ, fronde lætâ.

Veni Horneby, *ſedem claram,*
" *Spes lucrandi fert avarum*;
Cæca-ſacra fames auri
Me conſortem fecit Tauri:

Sprevi

Thence to *Roſlay*, where our Lot is
To commerce with People *Scottiſh*.

By a Paſſage crook'dly tending,
Thence to *Ravinglaſs* I'm bending:
Thence to *Dalton* moſt delightful;
Thence to Oaten *Ouſton* fruitful;
Thence to *Hauxide*'s mariſh Paſture;
Thence to th' Seat of old *Lancaſter*.

Thence to *Garſtang*, where are feeding
Herds, with large Fronts freely breeding.

Thence to *Ingleforth* I deſcended,
Where choice Bull-calfs will be vended.

Thence to *Burton*'s Boundiers paſs I,
Fair in Flocks, in Paſtures graſſy.

Thence to *Horneby*, Seat renowned,
" Thus with Gain are Worldlings drowned;
Secret-ſacred Thirſt of Treaſure
Makes my Bullocks my beſt Pleaſure:

Sprevi Veneris *amorem*
" Lucrum ſummum dat odorem.

Veni Loneſdale, *venientem*
Laticem ſocii præpotentem
Haurientes, hæſitantes,
Fluctuantes, titubantes,
Allicerent, (narro verum)
Sed non ſum qui ſemel eram.
Me ad limen trahunt Orci,
Uti lutum petunt Porci,
Aut ad vomitum fertur Canis,
Sed intentio fit inanis:
Oculis clauſis hos conſortes
Præterire didici mortis.

Mirtil.

Miror (Fauſtule) *miror verè,*
Bacchi *te clientem heri,*
Spreto genio jucundo,
Mentem immerſiſſe mundo:

Dic

Should *Love* wooe me, I'd not have her,
" It is Gain yields ſweeteſt ſavour.

Thence to *Loneſdale*, where were at it
Boys that ſcorn'd Quart Ale by Statute;
Till they ſtagger'd, ſtammer'd, ſtumbled,
Railed, reeled, rouled, tumbled;
Muſing I ſhould be ſo ſtranged,
I reſolv'd them I was changed.
To the ſink of Sin they drew me,
Where like Hogs in Mire they threw me;
Or like Dogs unto their Vomit,
But their Purpoſe I o'ercomed;
With ſhut Eyes I flung in Anger
From thoſe Mates of Death and Danger.

Mirtil.

Surely (*Fauſtulus*) I do wonder
How thou, who ſo long liv'd under
Bacchus, where choice Wits reſounded,
Should'ſt be thus i'th' World drowned.

What

Dic quid agis, ubi vivis,
Semper eris mundo civis?

Fauſtul.

Erras (Mirtille) *ſi me credas*
Nunquam Bacchi *petere ſedes*;
Thyrſus *vinctus erit collo,*
" *Semel in anno ridet* Apollo;
Pellens animi dolores,
Mutem crines, nunquam mores.
Socios habeo verè gratos,
Oppidanos propè natos,
Intra, extra, circa muros,
Qui mordaces tollunt curas:
Hiſce juvat ſociari,
*Et * apricis ſpatiari.*

Nunc

---

* Si per apricos ſpatiari locos
Gaudeat, mentem relevare meam
Anxiam curis, ſtudiiſque gravem.

What do'ſt, where liv'ſt, in brief deliver,
Wilt thou be a Worldling ever?

Fauſtul.

Thou err'ſt (*Mirtillus*) ſo do mo too,
If thou think'ſt I never go to
Bacchus Temple, which I follow,
" Once a Year laughs wiſe *Apollo*;
Where I drench Grief's ſlight Phyſicians,
Hair I change, but no Conditions.
Cheerful Comrades have I by me,
Townſmen that do neighbour nigh me;
Within, without, where'er I reſt me,
Carking Cares do ne'er moleſt me:
With theſe I pleaſe to conſort me,
And in * open Fields to ſport me.

Now

---

* Thus thro' the fair Fields, when I have beſt Leaſure,
Diaper'd richly, do I take my Pleaſure,
To cheer my Studies with a pleaſing Meaſure.

Nunc ad Richmond, *primo flore,*
Nunc ad Neſham *cum Uxore,*
Læto curſu properamus,
Et amamur & amamus:
Pollent floribus ambulacra,
Vera Veris *ſimulachra.*

Nunc ad Aſhton *invitato*
Ab amico & cognato,
Dant hoſpitium abditæ cellæ,
Radiantes Orbis Stellæ,
Menſa, mera, omnia plena,
Grata fronte & ſerena.

Nunc ad Cowbrow, *ubi lætus,*
Una mente confluit cœtus,
Neſcit locus lachrymare,
Neſcit hoſpes oſculari,
Facit in amoris teſtem
Anſer vel Gallina feſtum.

Nunc ad Natland, *ubi* Florem
Convivalem & Paſtorem

Specto,

Now to *Richmond*, when Spring's come on,
Now to *Neſham* with my Woman;
With free Courſe we both approve it,
Where we love and are beloved;
Here Fields Flower with freſheſt Creatures,
Repreſenting *Flora*'s Features.

Now to *Aſhton*, I'm invited
By my Friend and Kinſman cited;
Secret Cellars entertain me,
Beauteous beaming Stars inflame me;
Meat, Mirth, Muſick, Wines are there full,
With a Count'nance blith and cheerful.

Now to *Cowbrow*, quickly thither
Jovial Boys do flock together;
In which Place all Sorrow loſt is,
Gueſts know how to kiſs their Hoſteſs;
Nought but Love doth border near it,
Gooſe and Hen will witneſs bear it.

Now to *Natland*, where choice Beauty
And a Shepherd do ſalute me;

Lips

Specto, spiro ora rosea,
A queis Nectar & Ambrosia:
Castitatis autem curæ
Me intactum servant rure.

Nunc ad Kirkland, *& de eo*
" Prope Templo, procul Deo,
Dici potest, spectent Templum,
Sacerdotis & exemplum,
Audient tamen ci[illegible] sonum
Tibiæ quam concionem.

Nunc ad Kendall, *propter* * *Pannum,*
Cœtum, situm, † Aldermannum,
Virgines pulchras, pias matres,
Et viginti quatuor fratres,
Verè clarum & beatum,
Mihi nactum, notum, natum.

Ubi

* Lanificii gloria, & industria ita præcellens, ut eo nomine sit celeberrimum. *Camb.* in *Brit.*
Pannus mihi panis. *Mor.*

† Nomine *Major* eas, nec sis minor omine sedis,
Competat ut titulo civica Vita novo.

Lips I reliſh richly Roſeack,
Purely *Nectar* and *Ambroſiak*;
But I'm chaſte, as doth become me,
For the Country's Eyes are on me.

Now to *Kirkland*, truly by it
May that Say be verified:
" *Far from God, but near the Temple*,
Tho' their Paſtor gave Example,
They are ſuch a kind of Vermin,
Pipe they'd rather hear than Sermon.

Now to *Kendall*, for * Cloth-making,
Sight, ſite, † Alderman awaking;
Beauteous Damſels, modeſt Mothers,
And her four and twenty Brothers;
Ever in her Honour ſpreading,
Where I had my Native Breeding.

Where

---

* A Town ſo highly renown'd for her commodious Cloathing, and induſtrious Trading, as her Name is become famous in that kind. *Camb. in Brit.*

Cloth is my Bread. " *Mot.*

† Now haſt thou chang'd thy Title unto May'r,
Let Life, State, Style, improve thy Charter there.

Ubi dicam (pace veſtra)
Tectum mittitur è feneſtra,
Cura lucri, cura fori,
Saltant cum Johanne Dori:
Sancti fratres cum Poeta,
Læta canunt & faceta.

Nunc ad Staveley, *ubi aves*
Melos, modos cantant ſuaves,
Sub arbuſtis & virgultis
Molliore muſco fultis:
Cellis, Sylvis, & Tabernis,
An fœliciorem cernis?

Mirtil.
Eſto Fauſtule! *recumbe,*
Rure tuo carmina funde;
Vive, vale, profice, creſce,
Arethuſæ *alma meſſe;*
Tibi Zephyrus *ſub fago*
Dulciter afflet. Fauſt.] *Gratias ago.*

BES-

Where I'll tell you (while none mind us)
We throw th' Houſe quite out at Windows;
Nought makes them or me ought ſorry,
They dance lively with *John Dory*:
Holy Brethren with their Poet
Sing, nor care they much who know it.

Now to *Staveley* ſtrait repair I,
Where ſweet Birds do hatch their airy
Arbours, Oziers freſhly ſhowing,
With ſoft moſſy Rhind o'ergrowing:
For Woods, Air, ALE, all excelling,
Would'ſt thou have a neater Dwelling?

Mirtil.

Be 't ſo, *Fauſtulus!* there repoſe thee,
Cheer thy Country with thy Poeſy;
Live, farewel, as thou deſerveſt,
Rich in *Arethuſa's* Harveſt:
Under th' Beach while Shepherds rank thee
Zephyrus bleſs thee. *Fauſt.*] I do thank thee.

BESSIE BELL:

Cantio Latinè Verſa, alternis Vicibus & modernis Vocibus decantanda.

Authore Corymbæo.

Damætas. Eliza-Bella

I.

Dam. BEllula Bella, *mi puella,*
Tu me corde tenes,
O ſi clauſa ſimus cella
Mars & Lemnia Venus!
Tanto mî es, quanti tua res,
Ne ſpectes Bellula *mundum,*
Non locus eſt cui crimen obeſt
In amoribus ad cöeundum.

Bel.

BESSY BELL:

To be ſung in altern Courſes and modern Voices.

By *Corymbæus.*

Damætas. *Eliza-Bella.*

I.

Dam. MY bonny *Bell*, I love thee ſo well,
I would thou wad ſcud a lang hither,
That we might here in a Cellar dwell,
And blend our Bows together!
Dear art to me as thy geer's to thee,
The World will never ſuſpect us,
This Place it is private, 'tis Folly to drive it,
Love's Spies have no Eyes to detect us.

II.

Bel. *Crede* Damætas, *non ſinit ætas*
Ferre Cupidinis ignem,
Vir verè lætus intende pecus
Cura & carmine dignum.
Non amo te, ne tu ames me,
Nam jugo premitur gravi,
Quæcunque nubit & uno cubat,
Nec amo, nec amor, nec amavi.

III.

Dam. *Virginis vita ſit inimica*
Principi, patriæ, proli,
In Orbe ſita ne ſis invita
Sponſa nitidula coli.
Aſpice vultum numine cultum,
Flore, colore jucundum,
Hic locus eſt, nam lucus adeſt
In amoribus ad cöeundum.

IV.

Bel. *Ah pudet fari, cogor amari,*
Volo, ſed nolo fateri,
Expedit mari lenocinari,
At libet iſta tacere.

Non

II.

Bell. Truſt me, *Damætas*, Youth will not let us
Yet to be ſing'd with Love's Taper,
Bonny blith Swainlin intend thy Lambkin,
To requite both thy Lays and thy Labour.
I love not thee, why ſhould'ſt thou love me,
The Yoke I cannot approve it,
Then lie ſtill with one, I'd rather have none,
Nor I love, nor am lov'd, nor have loved.

III.

Dam. To lead Apes in Hell, it will not do well,
'Tis an Enemy to Procreation,
In the World to tarry, and never to marry,
Would bring it ſoon to Deſolation.
See my count'nance merry, cheeks red as Cherry
This Cover will never ſuſpect us,
This Place it is private, 'tis Folly to drive it,
Love's Spies have no Eyes to detect us.

IV.

Bell. 'Las! Maidens muſt feign it, I love, though I lain it,
I would, but I will not confeſs it,
My Years are conſorting, and fain would be ſporting,
But Baſhfulneſs ſhames to expreſs it.

Non amo te, quid tu amas me ?
Nam jugo premitur gravi
Quæcunque nubit & uno cubat,
Nec amo, nec amor, nec amavi.

V.

Dam. *Candida* Bella, *ſplendida Stella,*
Languida lumina cerne,
Emitte mella Eliza-Bella,
Lentula tædia ſperne.
Mors mihi mora, hac ipsâ horâ
Jungamus ora per undam,
Nam locus eſt cui crimen abeſt
In amoribus ad cöeundam.

VI.

Bel. *Perge* Damætas, *nunc pruriit ætas,*
Me nudam accipe ſolam,
Demitte pecus ſi Bellam *petas,*
Exue virginis ſtolam.
Sic amo te, ſi tu ames me,
Nam jugo premitur ſuavi,
Quæcunque nubit & uno cubat,
Et amo, & amor, & amavi.

FINIS.

I love not thee, why ſhould'ſt thou love me,
That Yoke I cannot approve it,
Then lie ſtill with one, I'd rather have none,
Nor I love, nor am lov'd, nor have loved.

V.

Dam. My beauteous *Bell*, who Stars do excel,
See mine Eyes never drys, but do wet me,
Some comfort unbuckle, my ſweet Honyſuckle,
Come away, do not ſtay, I entreat thee.
Delay would undo me, hye quickly unto me,
This River will never ſuſpect us,
This Place it is private, 'tis Folly to drive it,
Love's Spies have no Eyes to detect us.

VI.

Bell. Come on, *Damætas*, ripe Age doth fit us,
Take aſide thy nak'd Bride, and enjoy her,
So thou cull thy Sweeting, let Flocks fall a bleating,
My Maids Weed on thy Mead I'll beſtow there.
Thus I love thee, ſo do thou love me,
The Yoke is ſo ſweet, I approve it,
To lie ſtill with one, is better than none,
I do love, I am lov'd, and have lov'd it.

The END.

BRITISH MUSEUM

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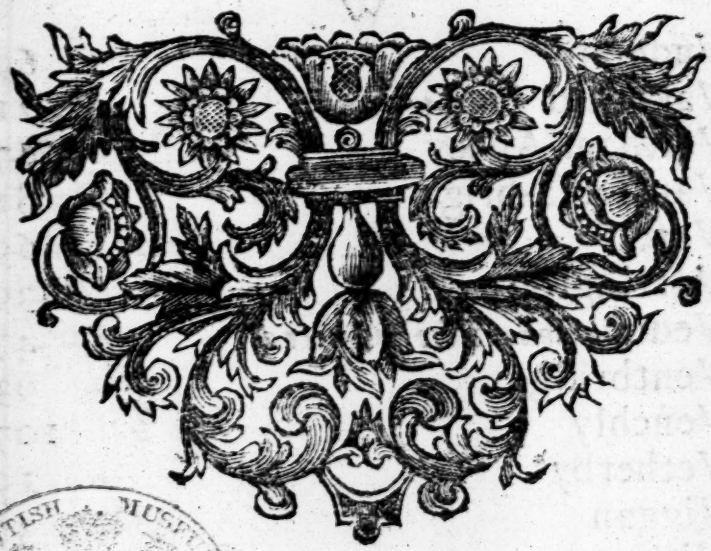
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